THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Art at Heart's Desire

by

Emerson Hough

A Sweet Problem

by

Robert Barr

The CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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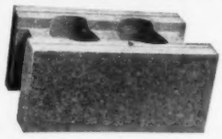

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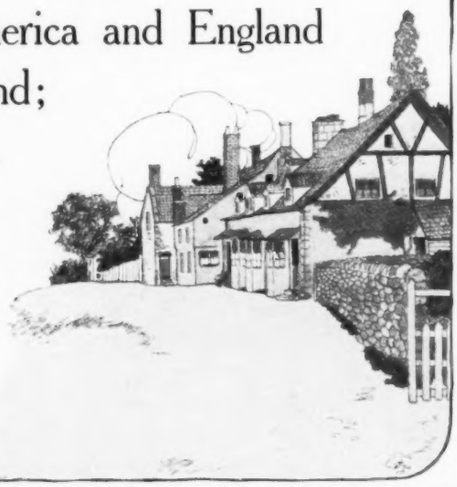

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ART AT HEART'S DESIRE

The Story of a Phonograph, a Freighter and an Operatic Star

By EMERSON HOUGH

"GO ON, Curly, it's your next shot. Hurry up," said McKinney, who was of nervous temperament.

"Now you just hold on, Mac," replied the latter. "This here croquet is a new style of shootin', and with two dollars on the game I ain't goin' to be hurried none."

"It ain't a half decent outfit, either," complained Doc. Tomlinson. "Hay wire ain't any good for croquet arches; and as for these here balls and mallets that you bought sight-unseen by mail, they're a disgrace to civilization."

"*Pronto! Pronto!* Hurry up!" called Dan Anderson from his perch on the fence of Whiteman's corral, from which he was observing what was probably the first game of croquet ever played between the Pecos and Rio Grande rivers. There were certain features of the game in question which were perhaps not usual. Indeed, I do not recall ever to have seen any other game of croquet in which two of the high contracting parties wore "chaps" and spurs and the other two overalls and blue shirts. But in spite of all admonition Curly stood perplexed, with his hat pushed back on his forehead and his mallet held gingerly between the fingers of one hand, while a cigarette graced those of the other.

"The court rules," resumed Dan Anderson, "that this game can't wait for arguments of counsel. Curly, you are a disgrace. You and McKinney ought to skin Doc. and the lawyer easy if you had a bit of savvy. Can't you hit that stake?"

"I could if you'd let me take a six-shooter or a rope," said Curly. "I ain't fixed for this here tenderfoot game you-all have sprung on me. If it wasn't for that there spur I'd have sent Doc.'s ball plumb over Carrizo Mountain that last carrom. You watch me when once I get the hang of this thing."

"You can't get the hang of nothing," said McKinney. "A cowpuncher ain't got no sense except to ride mean horses and eat canned tomatoes."

"Maybe you don't like your pardner," said Curly. "Now you change around next game and I'll bet me and the lawyer can skin Doc. and you to a finish. Bet you three pesos. Of course, I can't play this thing first jump like a borned tenderfoot. I wonder what my mammy'd say to me if she caught me foolin' around here with this here little wooden tack hammer."

"It all comes of Mac's reading the Fireside Friend," said Dan Anderson, lighting a cigarette, "and believin' everything he saw in an advertisement."

"Well, you put me up to it," said McKinney, flushing.

"Now, there you go!" cried Dan Anderson. "When I introduced this pastime to elevate the social atmosphere of Heart's Desire I didn't figure on what it might do to our mortality tables. I don't believe you fellows can play the game wearin' spurs, and I'm afraid to see you try any further with your guns on. Here, all of you, come over here. The umpire decides that you've all got to check your guns during the progress of the game. I'm umpire, but I don't want to be no coroner."

With some protests all those engaged in the pastime mentioned went over and handed their belts to Dan Anderson, who casually flung them over a projecting cedar limb of the fence. "For shame, Curly," said he. "Talk about tenderfeet! Here you are, wearin' a pearl handle on your gun, just like a cheap Nebraska sheepherder with ambitions for social distinction. I thought you was a real cowman. The court fines you——"

"It ain't my fault," said Curly, blushing. "The girl—the little woman—that's my wife—she done that, last Christmas. She allowed it's fine, an' it goes."

"Yes, and I expect she raised the money by selling pies to all of us fellows," said Dan Anderson. "You've put enough money into this handle to buy a whole new croquet set for the family. Ain't that awful! All this comes of takin' a daily newspaper once a month and readin' the advertisin' columns. We're going to be plumb effete if we ain't mighty careful, down in here. Why, we've got so we watch the stage and Tom Osby's freight wagon as close as a fellow does who has asked his girl to set the happy day."

"THE UMPIRE DECIDES THAT YOU'VE GOT TO CHECK YOUR GUNS DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE GAME"

"That's so," said McKinney, scratching his head. "Times is changin' down here. That reminds me, I ordered a new suit of clothes by mail from Philadelphy, and they ought to be just about due when Tom comes down; and that ought to be to-day."

"That's so," assented Doc. Tomlinson. "He's got a little bill of goods for me, too."

"Oh, why, oh, why this profligacy, Doc.?" said Dan Anderson. "Didn't you order two pounds of alum the last trip Tom made? What do you want of so many drugs, anyhow? Is your stock of chloride of sodium gettin' too low? Why don't you buy of Whiteman, and patronize home industries? Whiteman carries salt."

"Hush, fellers," said Curly. "Listen a minute!"

Curly's ears had detected the rattle of distant wagon wheels. "That's Tom comin' now," said he. "He's a heap more reg'lar than the Socorro stage. That's him, because I can hear him singin'."

"Tom, he's stuck on music," said McKinney.

Afar, but approaching steadily, might be heard the jolting vehicle coming down the cañon; and presently there was borne to our ears the sound of Tom Osby's voice in his favorite melody:

"I never lo-o-o-ved a fo-o-o-o-nd ga-a-a-z-elle," he proclaimed.

We knew that Tom would drive up to Whiteman's store, hence we waited for him near the corral fence. As he approached and observed our occupation he arrested his salutations and gazed for a moment in silent meditation.

"Prithee, sweet sirs," said he at length, "what in blazes are you doin'?"

"These gentlemen," said Dan Anderson from the fence, "are engaged in showin' the endurin' quality of the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Wherever the Saxon goes he sets up his own peculiar institutions. What! Shall New Mexico be behind New York or New England? This croquet set cost eighteen dollars to get here from Chicago, Indiana—or is it Illinois, or Iowa? Anyway, it's East. Get down, Tom. You're in on the game."

But Tom picked up his reins and chucked to his team. "Excuse *me*, fellers," said he. "That there looks too frisky for me. I got to think of my business reputation." He passed on up the street.

"What's the matter with Tom?" asked Curly. "Seems like he wasn't feelin' plumb cheerful, some way." Dan Anderson gazed after the teamster pensively.

"Algernon," said he, "methinks you are concealing something from us. Let's go find out what it is, fellows." He disengaged the respective six-shooters from their place on the fence, and thus again properly clad we wandered over toward Whiteman's commercial emporium, where Tom Osby was now proceeding to discharge the cargo of his freight wagon. It seemed to us that he was more than usually hurried in his work. It was not etiquette to question any man directly; but, deprived of Tom's customary gossip regarding men and affairs in the outer world, we stood awaiting him with a certain interest, as he lugged out boxes, kegs and other merchandise until the wagon was well-nigh cleared. Even so, he did not pause for a pipe and a parley, but, climbing up to the high front seat, picked up the reins and drove off, not, as was his wont, to the corral, or to Uncle Jim Brothers' restaurant, but to his own adobe down the arroyo. We looked at each other in silence.

"Something on his mind," said Dan Anderson.

"He didn't bring my clothes," said McKinney.

"Nor my drugs," said Doc. Tomlinson.

"And yet," said Curly, who was observant, "he kep' one box in the wagon. Couldn't see the brand, but she's there all right."

"Curly," said Dan Anderson, "you are appointed a committee of one to follow the accused down to his house and find out what all this means."

Curly deployed as a skirmisher, and finally arrived in front of Tom Osby's adobe. The tired horses stood in the sun still hitched to the wagon, and Curly, out of pity, made it his first business to hunt under the wagon seat for the picket ropes and halters. He then began to search for the oats bag, but while so engaged his attention was attracted by something whose nature we, at a distance, could not determine. With a swift glance into the back of the wagon, and another at the door of the cabin, Curly dropped his Good Samaritan work for Tom Osby's team and came up the street to us at as fast a gait as any cowpuncher can command on foot. When he reached us the perspiration was standing on his freckled brow.

"Fellers," said he, "I didn't think it of him! This here ain't right. Tom Osby's got a baby in there, and he's squeezin' the life out of it. Listen! Come on now. Do you hear that? How's that? Why, I tell you—why d——*ee* if it ain't *singin'*!"

There came to our ears, as we approached, a certain wailing melody, thin, quavering, distant, weird. As it rose upon the brilliant air of a hot afternoon at Heart's Desire it seemed absolutely strange, unimaginable, impossible. The spine of each man crawled.

Dan Anderson of the entire party seemed to be the only one who maintained his self-possession. He smiled gently. "Now," said he, "we certainly are fixed. Heart's Desire ain't benighted any after this."

"What's the matter with you?" said Curly.

"Poor cowpuncher," replied Dan Anderson, "the trouble with you is a general lack of sweetness and light in the earlier portions of your career. I have to do the thinkin' for you, and I ain't paid for it. Now, who took the lead in all our public enterprises here if it wasn't me? Why, I ought to go to Congress for what I've done. Who got the English capital to come in here and start the hen works?"

"You better not say nothin' about that," said Curly, who remembered with no pleasure his own participation in the incubator enterprise.

"Very well, let that go," resumed Dan Anderson. "But who, if not the learned counsel on my right and myself, organized the social and legal system of this community? Who got the manager of the gold mills chased out of town to save the trouble of hangin' him? Who got Whiteman to take a daily newspaper once a month—was it you, or Doc., or McKinney? I don't think so. Who paved these broad boulevards of our beauteous city? Who put up the electric lightin' and heatin' plant, and installed the forty-eight miles of continuous trolley track all under one transfer system? Who built the courthouse and the red brick schoolhouse, with nine school-teachers fresh from Connecticut? Who planned the new depot? Who got a new leather lounge for the managin' editor of our daily newspaper? Who built the three new smelters? Who filled our busy streets each evenin' with throngs of happy-faced laborers pacin' home at night, after four hours' pleasant work each day in our highly upholstered quartz mines? Was it you, Curly, who made these different and several *pasears* in progress? Was it you, Doc., you benighted stray from the short-grass Kansas plains, where they can't raise Kafir corn? Was it you, McKinney, you sour-dispositioned consumer of canned corn? Nay, nay. It was myself and my learned brother. You ought to send me to Congress, at least."

We gazed at Dan Anderson in awe. There were times when his best friends had difficulty in following his imagination; yet as we gazed timidly up the long, silent street of Heart's Desire, asleep in the all-satisfying sun, it almost seemed to us that we could indeed see all these things that he had named. The spell was broken by a renewal of the thin, high voice of this mysterious Thing in Tom Osby's house.

"And now," resumed Dan Anderson, "as I remarked, havin' turned our hands to the stable things of life, and havin' builded well the structure of an endurin', permanent society, there remained for us no need save for the softenin' and refinin' touch of a higher culture. We lacked nothing but Art. Now, here she is! What you're listening to, my countrymen, is music! It ain't a baby, Curly. Music, heavenly maid, is young in Heart's Desire, but it ain't any baby that you're listenin' to. I told Tom Osby myself to look into the phonograph business some time if he got a chance. Gentlemen, I now bid you follow me, to greet Art upon its arrival in our midst. I must confess that Tom Osby is actin' like a blamed swine over this thing, tryin' to keep it all for himself."

The phonograph inside the adobe switched from one tune to another. "Don't that sound like the Plaza Major in old Chihuahua by moonlight?" cried McKinney, as a swinging band march came squealing out through the door. "That's a piece by the Mexican band. Can't you hear the choo-choo and the wee-wee and the bum-bum? They're all there, sure's you're born!"

"If she plays La Paloma, or that Golondrina thing, I'm goin' to shoot," said Curly. "I've done danced to them things at more'n a thousand *bailes* here an' in Texas, an' if this is Art she's got to do different."

"Gentlemen," said Dan Anderson, "let us go on in and watch Tom Osby gettin' his savage breast soothed."

Tom Osby started as he saw shadows on the floor; but it was too late. He was discovered sitting on the bed, in rapt attention to the machine industriously grinding away upon the table. Dan Anderson, with great gravity, took up a collection of four pins from each of the newcomers and handed them to Tom. "No bent ones," said he. "It's a good show; but, tell us, what are you doin'? This is worse than croquet. And we asked you in on our game, too. Ain't you playin' it just a little bit lonesome this way?"

Tom frowned in perturbation. "Well, I was goin' to spring her on you about to-night, up at the Lone Star," said he; "but I couldn't wait. Ain't she a yaller flower? Say, I played her every night from Vegas down for five nights—Pecos Crossin', Salt Wells, Maxwell's, Hocradle Cañon, Jack's Peak—all the way. After I'd get my horses hobbled out and get my bed made down I'd set her up on the front seat and turn her loose. Coyotes—you'd ought to heard 'em! When you wind her up plum tight an' turn the horn the right direction you can hear her about half a mile."

"That," said Dan Anderson, "must have been a gladsome journey."

"For sure," said Tom Osby. "Look at the rec-cords—whole box of 'em. Some of the stylishest singers in the business are in here. Some of 'em's Dago, I reckon. Here's one, No Gingerbread——"

"That, probably," said Dan Anderson, "is Ah, non Giunge. Yes, it's Dago, but not bad for a lady with a four-story voice."

"Here's another," said Tom: "Down Mobile."

"I know that one," said Curly.

"Let me see it," said the impresario in charge. "Ah, as I thought; it's La Donna e Mobile. This, bein' translated, means that any lady can change her mind occasionally, whether she comes from Mobile or not."

"That's no dream," said Curly. "Once on the Brazos——"

"Never mind, Curly. Just feed that Donna into the machine, Tom, and let's see how it sounds once more."

SO WE SHOT UP TOM'S ADOBE FOR A TIME, JOYOUSLY PEPPERING THE THICK WALLS, UNTIL AT LENGTH THAT WORTHY CAME OUT ANNOYED

And so Tom Osby, proud in his new possession, played for his audience, there in the adobe by the arroyo, played all his records, or nearly all; played them over and over again. It was nearly night when we left the place.

"Excuse me," said Dan Anderson to me, with a motion as though adjusting a cravat upon my neck, "but your white tie is slipping around under your ear again." And as we walked I was sure that I saw an opera hat under his arm. Yet sober reason convinced me that we both were wearing overalls, and not evening clothes.

"But did you notice," said Curly after a while, "Tom, he's holdin' out on us. That there music, it's all tangled up in my hair." He removed his hat and ran a questioning hand through the matted tangle on his curly front. "But," he resumed, "there was one piece he didn't play. I seen him slip it under the blankets on the bed."

"Algernon, how could you!" said Dan Anderson. But memories sufficient came trooping upon him to cause him to forget. He fell to whistling La Donna e Mobile dreamily.

The shadows of night had fallen when at length Tom Osby stealthily stole to his door and looked around. The streets seemed deserted and silent, as usual. Tom Osby stepped to the side of the bed and withdrew from under the blankets the bit of gutta-percha which Curly had noticed him conceal. He adjusted the record in the machine and sprung the catch. Then he sat and listened, intent, absorbed, hearkening to the wonderful voice of one of the world's great contraltos. It was an old, old melody she sang: the song of Annie Laurie.

Tom Osby played it over again. He sat and listened, as he had, night after night, in the moonlight on the long trail from Las Vegas down. The face of a strong and self-repressed man is difficult to read. It does not change lightly under any passing emotion. Tom Osby's face perhaps looked even harder than usual, as he sat there listening, his unlit pipe clenched hard between his hands. Truant to his trusts, forgetful of the box of candy which regularly he brought down from Vegas to the Littlest Girl, Curly's wife; forgetful of many messages, commercial and social—forgetful even of us, his sworn cronies—Tom Osby sat there and listened to a voice which sang of a Face that was the Fairest, and of a Dark-Blue Eye. So the voice sang, and sang again, until finally we conspirators once more approached Tom Osby's cabin. He had forgotten his supper. Dinner was done, in Heart's Desire, soon after noon. Dan Anderson stood thoughtful for a time.

"Let him alone, fellows," said he. "I savvy. That fellow's in love! He's in love with a Voice! Ain't it awful?"

Silence met this remark. Dan Anderson seated himself on a stone, and we others followed his example, going into a committee of the whole, there in the night-time, on the bank of the arroyo.

"Did you notice, Curly," asked Dan Anderson—"did you get a chance to see the name on the record of the singer who—who perpetrated this?"

"No," said Curly. "I couldn't get a clean look at the brand, owin' to Tom's cuttin' out the thing so sudden from the bunch. It was something like Doughnuts——"

"Exactly—Madame Donatelli! I thought I rather recognized that voice my own self."

"Dago!" said McKinney with scorn.

"By trainin', though not by birth," admitted Dan Anderson. "Georgia girl originally, they tell me, and Dagoized proper, subsequent. All Yankee girls have to be Dagoized before they can learn to sing right good and strong, you know. They frequent learn a heap of things besides Annie Laurie—and besides singin'. Oh, I can see the Yankee Dago lady right now. Fancy works installed in the roof of her mouth, adjacent and adjoinin' to her tongue, teeth and other vocal outfit.

"Now, this here Georgia girl, accordin' to all stories, has sung herself into about a quarter of a million dollars and four or five different husbands with that voice of hers; and that there Annie Laurie song was largely responsible. Now, why, *why*, couldn't she have taken a fellow of her size, and not gone and made trouble for Osby? It wasn't fair play.

"Now, Tom, he sits humped over in there, a-lookin' in that horn. What does he see? Madame Donatelli? Does he see her show her teeth and bat her eyes when she's fetchin' one of them hand-curled trills of hers? Nay, nay. What he sees is a girl just like the one he used to know——"

"Whoa! Hold on there; that'll about do," said McKinney. "This country's just as good as——"

"No, let him go on," said Curly to McKinney. "Once, over on the Brazos——"

"Sometimes I think you fellows are inclined to be provincial," said Dan Anderson calmly. "Now, I'm not goin' to talk if you don't leave me alone. Listen. Now, what does Tom Osby see in that horn that he's looking into? I'll tell you. He sees a plumb angel in white clothes and a blue sash. She's got gray eyes and brown hair, and she's just a little bit shorter than will go right under my arm here when I stretch it out level."

"That's about right," said McKinney.

"She's got on white," resumed Dan Anderson, casting a glance about him in the dusk of the evening. "The girl's got to have on white. There ain't no man can hold out when they come in white and have on a blue sash—it's no use tryin' then.

"Now, there she is, a-settin' at the piano in there in the front parlor; daddy's gone out into the country after a load of wood, like enough; old lady's gone to bed, after a hard day's labor. Honeysuckles bloomin' all around, because, in New Jersey——"

"It wasn't *in* New Jersey," said I hastily, before I thought.

"No, it was in New York," said McKinney boldly.

"You're all liars," said Curly calmly; "it was once on the Brazos."

"Gentlemen," said Dan Anderson, "you are right. It was once on the Brazos, and in Iowa, and in New York, and in New Jersey, and in Georgia. Thank God, it was there, once upon a time, in all those places. . . . And, as I was sayin', the birds was just twitterin' in the evergreen trees along the front walk, some sleepy, because it was just gettin' right dark. Vines, you know, hangin' over the edge of the front porch, like. Few chairs settin' around on the porch. Just a little band of moonlight layin' there on the front steps, leadin' up like a heavenly walk, like a white path to Paradise—which was there in the front parlor, with the best angel there at home.

"The high angel of this here Heaven, like I told you, she's a-settin' there in white," he went on; "and with a blue sash—it was blue, now, wasn't it, fellows? And she's lettin' her fingers, God bless 'em, just tra-la-loo-loo, loo-loo-la-la, up and down the keys of the piano her dad gave her when she graduated. And now she's sort of singin' to herself—half whisperin', soft and deep—I hate a thin-voiced woman, or a thin-chested one, same as you do—she's just singin' about as loud as you can hear easy down as far as the front gate. And—why, she's a-singin' that same tune there, of Annie Laurie! . . . And in your heart you know it's true, every word of it, all the time, and at any station!" said Dan Anderson.

"At any station!" said Curly.

"At any station!" said McKinney.

"At any station!" said I. As I recollect the incident, every man there present chewed tobacco and could raise a beard; yet there were no hats on at that moment. To be sure, the evening air was a trifle warm.

"And now," said Dan Anderson after a while, "it's got Tom. Now, why couldn't it have been a man-Dago to sing that air into the tuneful brass horn of that mechanical, heavenly maid yonder? No reason, only it's got to be a woman to sing that man's song of Annie Laurie. A man couldn't any more sing Annie Laurie than you could make cocktails without bitters. The only way we can get either one here is in bulk; which we have done. It's canned Art, that's all. Owin' to our present transportation facilities, everything has to come here in cans."

Dan Anderson arose and stretched out his arm. "Gentlemen," said he, "I present to you Art!" He raised before him an imaginary glass, which we all saw plainly. "I present to you the cool, pink and well-flavored combination of life and longin', with a cherry at the bottom of it. Thanks to Tom Osby, we have Art! We are not quite provincial. Listen at Madame Donatelli tearin' it off in there! . . . Shoot him up, boys!" he cried suddenly. "I'm blamed if I'm going to look all my days on the picture of a girl in a blue sash! The chief end of man is to witness a brick-colored coyote and a few absolute human failures like you and me. Down with the heavenly maid! Shoot him up!"

So we shot up Tom's adobe for a time, joyously peppering the thick walls, until at length that worthy came out annoyed, a phonograph record in one hand and a gun in the other.

"Don't, fellers," said he. "You might break something."

"Come out," said Dan Anderson. "Not even grand opera lasts all night. Besides, the price of the box seats is exorbitant. Come on. Get ready to play croquet to-morrow. It's more interestin'."

And so Tom Osby's entertainment came to an end for that evening. Our little party straggled on up the long, deserted street of Heart's Desire. Dan Anderson turned in at the post-office to see if the daily paper had come in that month.

It was something that Dan Anderson saw in the daily paper that caused him on the following day to lead Tom Osby aside. "Did you know, Tom," said he, "that that there singer you've got in your box, the Annie Laurie artist, is goin' to be down in this part of the world before long?"

"I never loved a fo-o-o-o-nd ga-a-ze-ll-lle!" began Tom Osby defensively.

"Well, it's true."

"What are you tellin' me?" said Tom scornfully. "Comin' down here? Why, don't it say that them things is all sung by *artists?*"

"So they are."

"Well, now, a artist," said Tom Osby argumentatively, "ain't never comin' within a thousand miles of this here country. Besides, a *artist* is somebody that's *dead*."

"There's something in that," admitted Dan Anderson. "You've got to be dead to make a really well-preserved, highly-embalmed success in art, of course. It's true that in a hundred years from now that song will be just what it is to-day. That's Art. But I'm tellin' you the truth, Tom. The woman who sang into that machine is alive to-day. She belongs to a grand opera troupe under the management of a gent by the name of Blauring, who is in hot water with these stars all his life, but makes so much money out of them that he can't bear to be anything but boiled continuous.

"Now, these people are bound for California, for an early season. They are goin' six hundred miles at a jump, and they stop at El Paso for a brief moment, to catch a little of their financial breath. The Southern Pacific raineth on the just and the unjust in the matter of railroad fares. Now, as they are still goin' to be too early for the season on the coast, Monsieur Blauring has conceived in his fertile brain the idea that it will be an interestin' and inexpensive thing for him to sidetrack his whole *rodeo* for a few weeks up in the Sacramento Mountains, about a couple of hundred miles from El Paso. There is a new railroad health resort which some Yankees have just built up in there, for lungers and other folks that have money and no pleasure in livin'. This here El Paso daily has got about four pages about it. They think it's news, and Blauring thinks it's 'advertisin', so they're both happy. Anyhow, I figure it out that this very lady that sang into your tin horn, yonder, will be down there at the Sky-Top resort just about ten days from the present writin'."

Tom Osby was silent. The Sacramentos, as all men knew, lay less than two hundred miles distant by wagon trail. "It ain't so," said Tom at length. "A singin' artist would choke to death in El Paso. The dust's a fright."

"Oh, I reckon it's so," said Dan Anderson. "Now, if they don't choke to death, and if the members of the troupe don't get loaded down steadfast with smuggled stuff from over the Mexican line, they'll wander, dear mother, they'll wander, about a hundred miles or so up there in the eternal hills for to take a rest. Maybe they'll need a rest. Now, the bull-ring over at Juarez would be a fine place for grand opera—especially for Carmen—which, I may inform you, Tom, is all about a bull-fight, anyway. Yes," he went on softly, "I hope they'll sing Carmen over there. I faintly hope, also, that they won't see the name on the Guggenheim smelters and undertake to give Wagner under a misapprehension. If Blauring has any judgment at all, he'll stick to Carmen at El Paso. He'd have to hire a freight train to get away with the money.

"But now," resumed he, "after they get done at El Paso, whatever they sing, the grub wagon will be located in the Sacramentos, while old Blauring he goes on in advance and rides a little sign out near 'Frisco and other places, where Art is patronized copious. Yes, friend, Annie Laurie, she'll be up in the Sacramentos, and from all I can figure there'll be trouble in that particular health resort."

"Sometimes I think you're *loco*," said Tom Osby slowly. "Then again I think you ain't, quite. The man who allows he's any better than this country don't belong here; but I didn't think you ever did."

"No, I never did!" cried Dan Anderson. "When you think I do run me out."

"Of course, I know folks is different," said Tom Osby presently. "They come from different places, and have lived different ways. Me, I come from Georgy. I never did have much chance for education, along of the war breakin' out. I was in the fightin' some, and then I drifted here."

"You came from Georgia?" asked Dan Anderson. "For myself, I was born farther north, and of course at my age I knew little of the war. I had a little schooling, but the only schooling I ever had in all my life that was worth while I got right here in Heart's Desire. The only real friends I ever had are here. Now, it's because I feel that way, and because you're going to punch your freight team more than a hundred and fifty miles south next week to see if you can get a look at that Annie Laurie woman—it's because of those things that I want to help you if I can.

"Now listen, Tom. Madame Donatelli is no Dago, and she's not dead. She was a Georgia girl herself—Alice Strowbridge was her name, and she was endowed naturally with a really wonderful voice. She went to Paris and Italy to study long before I came out West. She first sang in Milan and her appearance was a big success. She's made thousands and thousands of dollars."

"About how old is she?" asked Tom Osby.

"I should think about thirty-five," said Dan Anderson. "That is, countin' years, and not experience."

"I'm just about forty-five," said Tom, "countin' both."

"Well, she came from Georgia——!"

"And so did I," said Tom Osby casually.

Dan was troubled. His horizon was wider than Osby's.

"It's far, Tom," said he; "it's very far."

"I everidge about twenty mile a day," said Tom, not wholly understanding. "I can make it in a week."

"Tom," cried Dan Anderson half wailingly, "don't!"

But Tom Osby only trod half a pace closer, in that vague, never formulated, never admitted friendship of one man with another in a country which held real men.

"Do you know, Dan," said he, "if I could just oncet in my life hear that there song right out—herself singin', words and all—fiddles, like enough; maybe a pianny, too—if I could just hear that! It I *could* just hear—that!"

"Tom!"

They wandered on a way silently before the freighter spoke. "There is some folks," said he, "that has to do things for keeps, for the rest of the folks that can't do things for keeps. Some fellers has to just drive teams, or run a ore bucket, or play the cards, or somethin' else common an' useful—world's sort of fixed up that way, I reckon. But folks that can do things for *keeps*—I reckon they're right proud like."

"Not if they really do the things that keep. That sort ain't proud," said Dan Anderson.

"Now, I can just see her a settin' there," went on the freighter. "It sounded like there was fiddles and horns and pianos all around."

"She was maybe standin' up."

"She was a settin' there," said Tom Osby frowning; "right there at the pianny herself. Can't you see her? Don't you ever sort of imagine things yourself, man?"

"God forbid!" said Dan Anderson. "No, I can't imagine things. That's fatal."

"Well, I do," said Tom Osby. "I reckon I've been imaginin' things. Now, there she's settin', right at the pianny, and sort of lettin' her fingers run up and down——"

"Tra-la-loo-loo, loo-loo-la-la——?" said Dan Anderson.

"Sure. That's just it. Tra-la-la-loo, loo-la-la-la—up and down the whole shootin' match. An' she sings! Now what does she sing? That song about Gingerbread? That Mobile song? No, not none. It's *Annie Laurie* she sings, man, it's Annie Laurie! Now, I freighted to El Paso before the railroad, and I know those boys. They'll tear up the house."

"She'll be wearin' black lace and diamonds," said Dan Anderson irrelevantly; "and when she breathes she'll swell up like a toy balloon—she'll bat her eyes. They got to do those things."

"Man," said Tom Osby, "there's times when I don't like you."

"Well, then, cut out the lace. I'll even leave off the diamonds."

"She's settin' right there," said Tom Osby, wagging his forefinger, "an' she's dressed in white——"

"With a blue sash——"

"Sure. An' she sings! An' it's Annie Laurie! An' because I want my own share of things that's for keeps, though I ain't one of the sort that can do things for keeps, why I want—why, you see——"

"Yes, Tom," said Dan Anderson gently, "I see. Now, as you said, it's only a few days' drive, after all. I'm goin' along with you. There's watermelons near there——"

"You *are loco?*"

"Not yet," said his friend. "I only meant to point out that the best melons, these blamed Greasers raise in their little tablecloth farmin' operations is right down there in the valley at the foot of the Sacramentos. Now, you may have noticed that sometimes a fellow ought to cover up his tracks. What's to hinder you and me just taking a little *pasear* down in toward the Sacramentos, on the southeast side, after a load of *melons?* They're better than cactus for the boys here. That's straight merchandisin', and, besides, it's Art. And—well, I think that's the best way.

"We don't all of us always get our share, Tom," resumed Dan Anderson; "we don't always get our share of the things that are for keeps; but it's the right of every man to try. Every once in a while, by just tryin' and pluggin' along on the dead square, a fellow gets something which turns out in the clean up to be something that was for keeps, after all, even if it wasn't just what he thought he wanted."

"Then you'll go along?"

"*Si amigo!* Yes, I'll go along."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IT WAS AN OLD, OLD MELODY SHE SANG: THE SONG OF ANNIE LAURIE

WEALTH ON THE COB

What Indian Corn Means in Money and Muscle to the American People

By CLARENCE H. MATSON

WHEN the American farmer looks over the balance-sheet of his business for the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Four, this item will stand out preeminent:

Indian Corn, 2,453,000,000 bushels . . . $1,054,790,000.

This item represents the foundation of the prosperity of a large portion of the United States. It is the item that indicates that more than a billion dollars of wealth came from the soil through one source alone the past year — wealth that will be enhanced in value and then exchanged for the products of factory and mill, making the prosperity double.

No other crop is so widely grown throughout the United States as Indian corn; no other approaches it in volume or value. Cotton may be king in the Southland; wheat may reign on the Western prairies and in the Northwest, but everywhere there is corn; and in a vast region embracing the richest agricultural portions of America its sway is undisputed. Moreover, it is distinctively an American crop; for the States of Illinois and Iowa alone produce more than the whole of Europe, and in other continents it is almost unknown.

Beginning in Central Ohio and extending through Indiana, covering most of Illinois and Missouri and all of Iowa, and stretching two-thirds of the way across Northern Kansas and Southern Nebraska, lies the corn belt proper. It touches Southern Michigan and Wisconsin and Northern Kentucky. Eastern and Northern Kansas are within its boundaries, and half of Nebraska forms part of the greatest corn-producing region of the world. In addition to this, all through the South and along the Atlantic Coast there is an abundance of corn; it is found in the Dakotas and Minnesota, and on the hillsides of New England; but the real corn belt lies in the centre of the nation, 1000 miles long and 400 wide.

During every daylight minute of October and November throughout the corn country 30,000 bushels of yellow ears have struck the bang-boards of the corn wagons as they have been driven back and forth through the fields. And this 30,000 bushels a minute represents little more than half the crop, for well into the winter a great quantity stands in the frosty shocks, waiting to be fed as fodder to the cattle.

No other great crop has so many diversified uses as Indian corn, and this diversity, together with the diversity to which it leads, is largely the reason why it forms the foundation of our agricultural prosperity. The farmer has no use for his wheat except to sell it — for the days of custom mills, where the farmer took his own wheat to mill to be ground into flour for his personal use, have passed. The farmer simply sells his wheat, and it is either ground directly into flour, or it is exported and ground abroad. The cotton-grower of the South cannot utilize his crop himself. He has no choice but to sell it, and it goes into the cotton mills. But with corn it is different. The corn-grower sells little of his product.

Although corn is overwhelmingly the greatest crop grown in America, it has a comparatively small place in the grain markets. The money centres do not figure on furnishing funds "to move the corn crop" each year, as they do cotton and wheat. The greater part of the corn crop is kept by the farmer himself, and when it goes to market it goes "on the hoof." Millions of cattle and swine and sheep are fattened on it and furnish to the people of the earth the muscle and sinew which comes from eating meat.

While meat is the principal end of most corn, its uses for other purposes are almost legion. A considerable amount is ground into meal and is served on the tables of America each morning as cornbread or cakes. It forms the principal constituent in some of the numerous breakfast foods which the American people consume. A great amount of the spirits manufactured in America comes from corn, and much of the starch also. Several million bushels are canned each year for food for the human race during the winter months. Pipes are made of the cobs, which are also valuable as fuel. Great quantities of syrup are manufactured from the stalks when green, as the juice is rich in sugar. The by-products from the grain are many: a gum which is useful in confections and paste; corn oil, used as a salad dressing; another oil which can be used for illuminating or as a lubricant; a kind of vulcanized rubber, and numerous stock foods. The pith from the ripened stalks has proved extremely valuable in connection with the armor of battleships. It is compressed under heavy pressure, and placed between the armor plates of the ship below the water-line. If a projectile should pierce the armor, instead of leaving a wide opening through which the water might rush and sink the vessel, this corn pith will immediately expand and fill the aperture, keeping out the water. This pith also contains cellulose, which can be utilized in the manufacture of paper.

CORN AS IT GROWS IN KANSAS

In view of this great diversity of its uses and the wide expanse of territory in which corn is an important crop, is there any wonder that it is the basis of agricultural prosperity in America, and incidentally much of the prosperity in other lines? For, as stated before, corn is by no means confined to the "corn belt." The corn belt is only that region where it stands preeminent above all other crops. In the Southland it is a strong rival of King Cotton. Texas this year grew 136,707,400 bushels, worth probably $55,000,000. The corn crop of all of Dixie is worth in the aggregate close to $350,000,000. Even Florida is enriched $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 each year by this crop. All other States grow from $10,000,000 to $50,000,000 worth each, and Texas even more. The East, too, grows corn: Pennsylvania's crop is from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels each year. In the North, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota each produce about the same amount as Pennsylvania.

But it is in the Central States and the Middle West that corn flourishes most. Here are the figures, in bushels, of the crop of the corn belt States for the year 1904, as estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture:

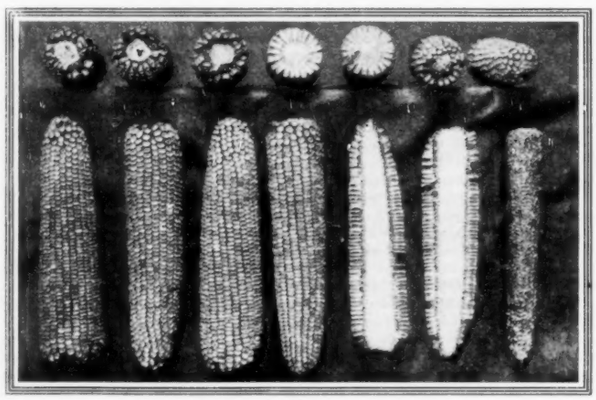
Illinois	344,112,000
Iowa	280,197,000
Nebraska	260,891,200
Kansas	142,956,000
Indiana	142,065,000
Missouri	141,514,600
Ohio	99,612,000
Total	1,411,347,800

These seven States, therefore, produced more than half of the corn crop of the entire country. But these States are by no means confined to corn, for corn aids diversified farming. The corn farmer also grows oats in large quantities, as a rule, and in some localities barley, rye and flax, while wheat is an important crop in some of the corn States. For instance, Kansas is the greatest wheat-producing State in the Union. It has grown one-seventh of the wheat crop of the entire country; yet its corn crop is always in excess of its wheat in value. In checking up the agricultural products of Kansas wheat always stands second.

Corn means live stock — cattle and hogs — and improved farms, with big barns and pleasant surroundings. It means steady work for the farmer the year around, and not spasmodic periods such as the wheat-grower must contend with. The wheat farmer plows his ground and sows his seed in the autumn or early spring, after which he has nothing to do until the harvest; and when the harvest comes he must hire all the extra help he can secure and rush day and night to save his crop. The corn farmer must work more steadily, but, unless he tries to do too much or unless the weather interferes with his work, there is no reason why he should be unduly rushed, or run any danger of losing his crop.

First, he plows and plants his fields. In a very few weeks he begins to cultivate them, and this may last for six weeks. Here is where he runs the greatest danger of getting behind with his work, for if the weather is bad he may be kept out of the fields and the weeds may get the start of him. After the corn is "laid by" in June — that is, after it becomes too large for cultivation — he has a respite for a month or two, during which he attends to harvesting his small grain crops and to putting up his hay. In August the corn is ready to be cut up for fodder, and with the modern corn-binder he can, in a short time, put up all the fodder he needs, leaving the balance of the corn to be husked. And the husking does not rush the farmer. He runs no danger of losing his crop if he does not get it speedily harvested, as is the case with wheat. He can take the better part of two months or longer to this work. Then during the winter, instead of rushing his crop off to market, he feeds it to his cattle and hogs and later markets them, which adds to the value of both the corn and the live stock.

Thus the corn farmer has a steady vocation, and he does not have to depend on hired help and spend a considerable portion of the income from his crop to pay for such help, unless he wishes to accomplish more than one man's work. If he has one or two sturdy boys they can do much of the work in raising corn. As a result of this condition, a corn-producing country is more thickly populated than a purely wheat region, and it usually has more improvements. There are counties on the prairies of the West containing less than 2500 population, or less than 500 families, that grow more than 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. This task is made possible by the importation of perhaps 500 extra men during the two weeks of harvest. A corn country would keep these men busy the year around. The man who raises nothing but wheat usually puts his profits into more land, which he sows with more wheat, and hires more labor when harvest-time comes. The corn-grower puts his profits into fine stock and buildings in which to house them, and other improvements on his farm. He cannot



THE RIGHT KIND OF EARS AND KERNELS

handle as much land as the wheat farmer, but he makes far more money per acre from what he does handle.

But great as are the returns from corn-growing, the future promises still greater returns. Corn-growing, like nearly everything else agricultural, is undergoing a revolution. The scientist has been at work for the corn farmer, and he has brought forth marvelous results—results which seem almost incredible.

The average yield of corn in the United States is less than thirty bushels per acre, yet experts tell us that with a good ear on each stalk and two stalks in each hill the yield would be one hundred bushels per acre. One sometimes hears of yields of sixty to eighty bushels, but these are exceptions. They ought to be the rule.

The reason the average is so low is that many stalks grow no ears at all, and most of the ears that are produced are small and imperfect. At least one-third of the stalks in the average field are barren. They are of no more value to the farmer than weeds, except as fodder. Indeed, they are a detriment, for though they are barren of ears they are productive of pollen, and this fertilizes the ears of other stalks, thereby producing corn which is likely to grow more barren stalks. Again, many of the ears that are grown may be little more than "nubbins." Some are short and thick; others are long and thin. Some have low, round kernels, which means a small amount of corn when it is shelled; and others have cobs which are bare of kernels for an inch or more at one or both ends. All of these things greatly diminish the yield of corn.

To eliminate the barren stalks and to increase the amount of corn on the ears, scientists have been "breeding" corn in recent years. This work has been carried on principally in Illinois, and tremendous results have been attained in that State. It is believed that in time the average yield may be actually doubled. When that time comes the value of a crop from the acreage of 1904 will be over $2,000,000,000 instead of a little more than $1,000,000,000. This extra $1,000,000,000 will all be "velvet"—additional profit—for the corn-growers. For it requires no more labor, no more land, no more machinery, to raise an acre of corn from high-bred seed, where nearly every stalk produces a fairly good ear, than it does to raise an acre from poor seed, with perhaps nearly half the stalks barren.

For instance: A farmer this year may have raised $900 worth of corn. The cost—which includes labor, interest on land and machinery, seed, and incidentals—may have been $600, leaving him a profit of $300. His yield was thirty bushels per acre, and it took twenty bushels to pay the cost. If he had used high-bred seed his yield might have been doubled, his total crop would have been valued at $1800, and the cost would have remained the same. His profit would have been $1200, four times as much as at present.

That this may be brought about has already been thoroughly demonstrated. A farmer of McLean County, Illinois, who is a big corn grower, planted eighty acres with seed that had been "bred up" for only five years, and compared the result with the product of 10,000 acres in the same vicinity. His eighty acres produced nearly twenty-three bushels per acre more than any of the surrounding fields. Another farmer experimented with 120 acres in the same manner. His improved seed cost him forty dollars. His yield was fifteen bushels per acre more than any of the other fields in that vicinity, giving him additional profits of $880 on his 120 acres in return for his forty-dollar investment.

Another thing which science is teaching the farmer in regard to corn is to test his seed before planting in order to make sure that it will grow. The early frost that caught much of the corn in the more northerly latitudes of the corn country a year ago killed the seed germs in a great deal of it. An Iowa scientist, Professor P. G. Holden, in the spring of 1904, went through that State on a special train provided him by the railroad companies interested, and at each station a brief stop was made while the train was crowded with farmers, to whom Professor Holden explained the importance of testing their seed and how to do it. It is believed that this work alone added millions of bushels to the corn crop of Iowa during the past year.

The average corn-grower—the well-to-do farmer of the corn belt—is usually a man of intelligence, and he is not afraid to use his brains in his work. That is why he feeds his corn to cattle instead of selling it. What the cattle waste is picked up by the hogs. A good example of a corn-belt farmer is Governor Willis J. Bailey, of Kansas. On his 800-acre farm in Northeastern Kansas he gives his personal attention to growing his corn and feeding his cattle, when he is at home. He is a farmer who is entitled to write LL. D. after his name by the grace of his alma mater, the University of Illinois. This kind of farmer does not confine himself to corn growing or to any one crop. He looks after maintaining the fertility of his soil by a rotation of crops on his fields. That is why the corn belt is so uniformly prosperous. The corn grower may not have such occasional spurts of prosperity and riches as the wheat producer, but neither is he subject to occasional failures. His prosperity is steady.

London's Old Clo' Men

IN THOSE parts of London in which the penny is the standard of value there is a traffic in second hand materials of a sort that is unheard of in any city in America.

For example, a dress costing 100 guineas and worn by a woman of fashion on one of the days of the Ascot meeting will be seen perhaps twice thereafter, once at a garden party and again at some function remote from town; after which it becomes the perquisite of the lady's maid, from whom it is bought by an oily and hawk-faced woman who maintains what is called a "Ladies' Wardrobe" in Brixton or Bayswater. To the dingy parlor in which this oily-mannered woman transacts her business come the wives of struggling attorneys, medical men and city clerks, intent on bargains, and to one of these the Ascot dress, "positively worn by Lady G—— in the royal inclosure," as the hawklike woman informs her in an awed whisper, is knocked down at the low price of ten guineas.

Its new owner wears it until it is too shabby to be worn again, after which it is sold to a second-rate wardrobe and becomes the property of a greengrocer's wife, who takes it to pieces, retrims it, and wears it in and out of the shop until it is fit for another step in its descent. Now it finds its way to Whitechapel, where it catches the eye of some coster lady and is sold to her for three shillings.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

A Fashion of the Swamp—By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Ol' Mr. Blue-Crane, he wuz a rover,
Fum Dinky-ma-Dee ter Dinky-ma-Dover;
He flew'd eve'ywhar a-huntin' summer,
An' had de peckerwood fer his drummer;
He'd wade about in knee-deep water,
An' whistle a tune fer de Bull-Frog's daughter;
An' he couldn't be made to w'ar his britches,
Kaze he had ter be a-wadin' in bogs an' ditches.

Well, one fine day, dis mighty rover
Spied out de Big Swamp an' looked it over;
Sezee, "It look so cool an' shady,
I'll drap down dar an' fin' me a lady!"
'Twuz gettin' 'long to'rds de shank er de evenin'
(De time fer laughin' an' de time fer griev'n' in),
An' he lit, he did, wid a whirl an' a flutter,
An' de Bull-Frog dodge wid a splash an' a splutter!

Now, de Swamp got life, an' it stretched an' woke up,
An' Brer Rabbit jumped, kaze he know dey's a joke up;
De Swamp know well Mr. Crane is a new one,
Kaze all de res' white, but he's a blue one;
An' it whirled right in an' put all de lights out,
Des like it wuz tryin' fer ter shet all de sights out;
An' dar wuz Mr. Crane, a-bowin' an' a-gropin',
An' de way bein' cle'r, Brer Rabbit come a-lopin'.

Mr. Crane, he ax kin he des spen' a night er two,
An' de Swamp, wid dat, riz up an' lit a light er two;
De Squinch Owl sot in de big tree an' holler,
"Dar's Jacky wid his lantern, an' you'll all hatter foller!"
De win' blow'd Jacky twel he look like he dancin',
An' it seem to Mr. Crane dat de creeturs wuz a-prancin'
Des like de gals does when dey er swingin'
Dar han's all 'roun', a-playin' an' a-singin'.

Mr. Crane, he grope all 'roun' among um,
His shadders lookin' quare whar de Jacky-lamps flung um;

Mr. Mink he seed, an' he seed Brer Possum
A-snifflin' an' snufflin' at de 'simmon-blossom,
His two little eyes green an' a-greenin',
Twel you can't skacely tell what mought be der meanin';
An' not fur off, in de big oak's branches,
Wuz ol' Miss Wil'-Cat a-squattin' on her ha'nches.

An' all de birds, er eve'y kin' an' fodder,
Had der heads 'neat' der wings, a-hidin' fum de wedder;
Mr. Crane, he say, "Dis is what I calls funny—
Ef der heads ain't off, you kin take up money!"
He stop right still, "Brer Rabbit, how's dis?
Dey got wing an' tail; it's der heads I miss."
Brer Rabbit's big eyes wuz a-glintin' an' a-gleamin';
"Dey takes off der heads fer ter keep fum dreamin'."

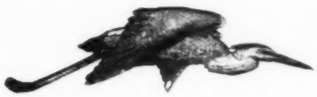
"Well, it's new ter me," Mr. Crane sez, shakin';
"An' I b'lieve in my soul dat de groun's a-quakin'."

"'Tain't nothin' but de Swamp a ketchin' its breff, suh,
An' de tus' time I felt it I felt it I like ter 'a' let', suh."
Den, "Ain't dey afeard dev'll git der head brokened?"
Brer Rabbit whisper, "*No*"—he wuz so saf'-spokened;
Mr. Crane walk 'roun' an' 'roun' in a circle,
An' like ter 'a' trod on Miss Mud Turkle!

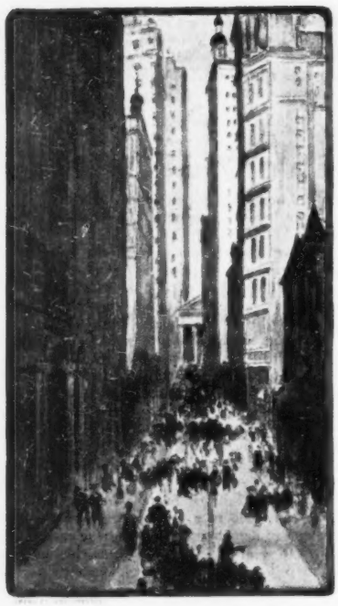
Mr. Crane, sezee, "Why, how does dey do it?"—
"Dey use ter take a hatchet, but now dey onscrew it!
Dey had a heap er trouble 'twel dey hired a doctor,
Wid his philander-phloo an' his philander-phloctor."
So say Brer Rabbit, an' off he started,
Wid "Now, Mr. Crane! don't git chicken-hearted;
Yo' big long legs is shody stiff uns,
An' atter it's done you won't know de diffunce!"

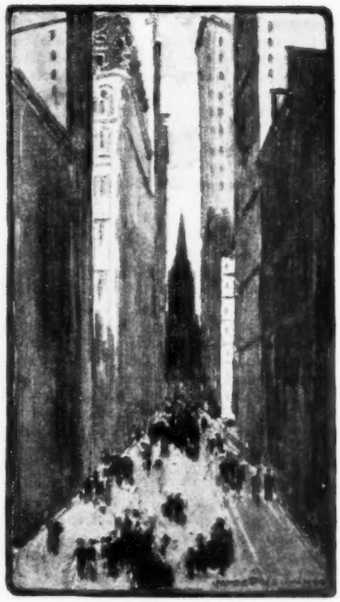
Doctor Wolf wuz called, an' he come a-runnin',
Wid his y'ears stuck up, an' his eye lookin' cunnin';
Brer Rabbit, he say, "Mr. Crane gittin' sleepy"
(But sidder dat, he wuz feelin' creepy),
"An' he wanter go ter bed; so whar's yo' squeezers?"
Doctor Wolf cle'r his th'oat, "Oh, you mean my tweezers!"
An' den ter Mr. Crane, "You got a fine neck, suh,
An' yo' head'll come off mo' easy dan you speck, suh!"

Doctor Wolf, he stood dar, an' do like he thinkin',
Whiles ol' Brer Rabbit wuz a-chawin' an' a-winkin';
Mr. Crane up an' gapped, "I wish 'twuz over,
Kaze Sunday I'm due at Dinky-ma-Dover."
An' Doctor Wolf say, "I got in my pocket
One er dem kinder things what'll fin' de head-socket;
I never see a neck what look mo' neater!
I never see legs what look mo' fleeter!"
An' den he snapped, dat fresh-meat eater—
"I never tas'e meat what seem mo' sweeter!"
An' 'twuz all-night-Ishum wid dat po' creetur!



LAND SHARKS





The Gentle Art of Grafting in the Realty Business

By HENRY M. HYDE

AN ACRE of ground can't run away; it can't burn up or down; it can't be stolen and hidden away out of sight; it represents—generally speaking—the most solid, substantial and permanent investment possible. Most of the great historic fortunes are based on land. Never did fairy godmother, with limitless power to pluck diamonds and gold out of the thin air, bestow on her prime favorite such riches as have followed early investment in real estate on the sites of the magic, over-night, commercial capitals of America. And yet——

Grope your way carefully down into the underground cells below the Harrison Street Police Station, in Chicago, and you will find a gray-haired turnkey, still on duty in his sturdy seventies. His own father traded a tract of land which includes a large part of the present downtown business section of that congested city for a pair of country-made, cowhide boots. To-day the land exchanged for those boots is assessed at more than $100,000,000. It is worth at least five times that amount. The seven-league boots of legend are most inconsequential footgear after that.

To-day there is an army of men engaged in the real-estate business as agents and brokers. Most of them are honest men, averaging well with their contemporaries in other lines of business. They are thoroughly loyal to their clients, enjoying and deserving the confidence of the investing public. At the same time there are few lines of business in which the opportunities for grafting are more numerous, the temptations more continuous and pressing. That there is not more grafting is greatly to the credit of the guild. That there is still so much is distinctly to its discredit. For among real-estate men—as among the followers of every other profession and business in the United States—that unfortunate reluctance publicly to appear as a relentless prosecutor of those who have disgraced the livery of the guild still serves as a protection for dishonesty.

It is not that the reluctant ones are themselves dishonest; it is not that they begrudge the expenditure of money necessary to punish wrongdoers and protect the public. It is rather a shrinking—which is almost a national characteristic among business men—from any appearance of posing as being better than their fellows; a dread lest they be branded as "reformers"; a part of that "mind-your-own-business" training which overlooks the fact that if I, as a real-estate agent, am dishonest it becomes an important part of your business to see that my dishonesty is not allowed permanently to reflect on your good standing and that of your honest colleagues. The real-estate boards of the country could undertake no work more important to their own best interest than that of exposing and driving real-estate grafters out of the field.

When one speaks of real-estate grafters one does not refer to those plain swindlers who deliberately mislead people into paying good money for swamp lands under the pretension that they are buying city lots. Every one knows at least one person who has been badly swindled in that or a similar way. Quite frequently it is some widow. The whole West is dotted with the ruins of such "fake booms," and one still occasionally reads an advertisement which arouses the suspicion that the real-estate swindler, like the Canada thistle, is a persistent pest. But the palmy day of the real-estate swindler is over. There remains for consideration in the present article the real-estate grafter, who maintains that tenuous connection with the legitimate which marks the true grafter in business as in horticulture.

Here is a story which illustrates one method of his working:

A real-estate firm in a large city had under its exclusive control a number of important buildings—including both skyscraping office structures and apartment-houses. By way of simplifying its business it employed a general superintendent of repairs at a salary of $1000 a year. This man had a staff of workmen of various kinds—masons, carpenters, plumbers, paper-hangers, painters and representatives of all the various trades which have to do with the "keeping up" of handsome buildings. Every morning the superintendent got at the headquarters of the firm a list of repairs wanted and assigned his men to their work in various parts of the city. Every night he turned in to headquarters an itemized account of the money spent for supplies and for labor on each job completed during that day.

Employing its own workmen in this way, without the intervention of a contractor, and buying all kinds of supplies in large quantities, the real-estate firm was enabled to get its repairs done at a much lower figure than if it had gone into the market and let each job to the lowest bidder. It cut out entirely the profit of the contractor, or "boss," in each of the different lines involved. As is the rule in the offices of real-estate agents, all repairs were done at the expense of the respective property owners and were charged to their accounts. The real-estate firm in question reasoned as follows in regard to making such charges:

"If we had these repairs done in the usual way by calling in an outside plumber, carpenter or mason, as the case might be, he would present his bill, including his reasonable profit, and we would charge it to the account of the client whose property had been repaired. There could be no question at all about the legality or the fairness of our action. But—because our business is so large—we are enabled to employ our own men and save all contractors' and jobbers' profits. That saving is entirely due to our own success and shrewdness as business men, and it properly belongs to us. Experience proves that contractors and jobbers in building supplies make an average of twenty-five per cent. We will give our clients the benefit of a part of that—we will be more than fair. We will add only twenty per cent. to the bills handed in by our general superintendent of repairs and will charge them to our clients at that advance. Even then they will be paying five per cent. less for the work than if they had it done individually."

Applying that plausible piece of sophistry as salve to their consciences, the members of the firm went profitably on about their business. They might have been still working under the twenty per cent. rule had not their general superintendent of repairs decided to do a little grafting on his own personal account.

One day there came an anonymous letter to the office of the firm: "Gents," it began—an anonymous letter-writer might be safely trusted to begin a letter that way—"It may interest you to know that your general repair man, Thomas Atkins, has just completed the erection of a six-flat building on Main Street. It probably cost, all complete, $12,000. Pretty good work on a $1000 salary—don't you think so?"

Investigation revealed an extremely shocking state of affairs. You would hardly believe it, but the repair man had actually built almost every bit of that flat building by using the workmen of the firm which employed him. More than that, it was fitted with plumbing, with piping, with paper, with glass, with hardwood floors and with practically everything else out of the raw stock bins of the real-estate firm. What was worse, the attitude of the repair man, when confronted with the facts, was perfectly shameless and defiant.

"Well," he said, "what of it? Suppose everything you say is true? You haven't lost a cent, have you? You've been paid for everything, haven't you? Yes, and more than that—you've made a profit of twenty per cent. on every stick and stone and every lick of work in that building. Now, just suppose you go ahead and see what you can do about it! If you get after me, why, I'll get after you. Your annual repair bills amount to $150,000. Twenty per cent. on that is $30,000. If I have stolen a little you have stolen a lot. That flat building cost only $10,000 to build, and it took me three years. You're in no position to raise a row."

The case was taken into court, but it never came to trial. A compromise was reached. It would have taken the wisdom of a Solomon to decide to whom the building really did belong, so involved were the interests.

A DOWNTOWN CORNER, CHICAGO, IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT. THE LAND ON WHICH THESE BUILDINGS STAND, NOW WORTH MILLIONS, WAS ONCE TRADED FOR A PAIR OF COWHIDE BOOTS

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on Graft in Business by Mr. Hyde.

This true story illustrates one of the ways in which practically all real-estate agents are frequently tempted to add to their profits at the expense of business decency and personal honor. Any real-estate man, if he talks frankly, will tell you that often letters come to his office from contractors who are anxious to do the repair work on the buildings under his control, and who offer inducements ranging from an indefinite promise to "see that your individual interests are protected" to a straight-out agreement to "allow you, personally, the customary ten per cent. discount on all our bills."

Temptation in another form comes to the real-estate man who represents non-resident property owners. For instance: A resident of Cincinnati, himself a manufacturer, was left, by the will of his brother, a considerable tract of land in an Arkansas city. Shortly after the death of his brother the Cincinnati man made a trip of inspection. The only improvement on the property, which adjoined a railroad track on one side, was a large brick residence rented at thirty dollars a month. Before going back home he put the management of the whole property in the hands of a local real-estate agent.

For four years the Cincinnatian received with reasonable promptness the rental for the house, less the necessary expense for taxes, insurance and repairs, but he was told repeatedly, in response to inquiries, that it was not possible to sell the vacant land at a fair price. Finally, without sending word of his intention, he got on the train and went to Arkansas. Without calling at the office of his agent, he walked out to look at his property. He found standing on the supposed vacant land beside the railroad track a small brick warehouse. Just behind it was a cotton press, and piled up inside a high fence was a heap of old iron and other junk. He introduced himself to the proprietor of the business and learned that for three years twenty dollars a month ground rent had been paid to the real-estate agent.

"You've paid your rent regularly?" he asked.

"On the first of every month," was the answer. "And, if you'll let me guess, I think you're the real owner of the ground and that you've never got the money I've paid the agent. Come here and I'll show you my receipts."

He led the way into his office, and there the man from Cincinnati was shown a complete file of receipts covering three years.

"Now," said the caller, "if you'll let me have those receipts I'll write you out a receipt in full to date for this rent."

The bargain was made. With the receipts in his pocket, the real-estate owner walked on to the brick residence which stood on one corner of his land. When he left home the last report from the agent showed that the tenant of this place was three months behind on her rent. He walked in and introduced himself. Immediately the tenant began to ask that certain improvements be made.

"If you would keep up your rent a little more promptly," said the owner, "I should be glad to have the work done."

The indignant tenant at once produced receipts showing that she had paid the rent up to and including the current month. He exchanged a personal receipt in full for the monthly vouchers, and, thus equipped, went to call on the real-estate agent, who received him with a somewhat forced welcome.

"By the way," he said, after the greetings were over, "I find a few little mistakes have been made in the handling of my account, and I'll just turn these receipts over to you in return for a check. The total is $900. I'll be in town until to-morrow, and I'll call in the morning and get the money."

When he returned the next day the check was waiting for him, together with a note from the agent saying that he had been unexpectedly called out of town for a few days.

A man in Boston had a large vacant lot on the West Side of Chicago which he was anxious to dispose of. His agent, however, repeatedly answered his urgings with the statement that it was impossible to find a purchaser for the property. Finally he happened to be in the West and called at the office of the agent, who again informed him that the market was dull and there was no demand for vacant lots in that part of the town. He was forced to be satisfied, temporarily at least, with this assurance. That evening he went to the theatre and saw in one of the boxes his real-estate agent, apparently acting as host for a merry party.

Next day the man from Boston called on an old schoolmate whose name he found in the directory, and who also happened to be in the real-estate business. To him the Easterner told his troubles. "The fellow must do a prosperous business, anyhow," he concluded. "At any rate, he had a box party at the theatre last night."

"Let's get on a cable car and ride over and look at the lot," said his friend with a smile.

The lot was a mile from the river. It was triangular in shape, and about each of its three sides was built a high billboard, advertising in as many sections practically all the high-class theatres in town.

"That ought to be good for about two theatre parties a week," said the friend. "But if you make a change please don't put it in my hands to dispose of."

The great and sudden fluctuations in the value of real estate—often occasioned by causes beneath the surface, and kept concealed as completely as possible—also frequently throw

(Concluded on Page 22)

High-School "Frats" and Sororities

The Illiberal Education of the Young American Snob

By E. G. COOLEY

Superintendent of Chicago Schools

AT THE present moment few problems that confront the authorities of the high schools and grammar schools of this country are more perplexing and significant than that presented by the fraternity and the sorority movement. These secret societies are spreading through the secondary schools with the rapidity of an unchecked plague. Originally devised to meet certain legitimate demands of university and college life, the "frat" and the sorority have suddenly made a general and sweeping invasion of high schools, and are even carrying the conquest into the grammar grades.

This movement is a matter of sudden growth—at least of sudden manifestation—so far as the common schools are concerned; but already it has gained the impetus and the insidious power of propulsion that characterizes the fully-developed fad, whether in fashionable society or in the world of school-children. Only a very few years ago a Greek letter fraternity was regarded as purely a collegiate institution and was not thought of in connection with high-school life; the oldest secret fraternal chapter or club in the Chicago high schools is not, I think, more than four or five years old. Within the last two years, however, "frats" and sororities have multiplied like microbes in the public-school system of Chicago, for instance, until their influence upon scholarship and discipline has forced the problem of their existence upon the educational authorities as a burning question which must be faced squarely. Nor is the problem by any means confined to Chicago or to the other metropolitan centres of population. It is felt universally—or at least practically so. Naturally starting in the large cities and the university towns, where the college "frat" is a familiar institution, the passion for secret orders has now percolated to the country and to high schools in provincial towns and villages.

When a feature of school life becomes so common, so nearly universal, it is bound to prove itself a powerful influence for good or for ill. A development which touches the common schools of this country with their millions of pupils should be subjected to a keen and searching scrutiny. The teacher of the country high school into which this question has not obtruded itself need not feel that he is exempt from interest and responsibility in the matter, for he may rest assured that this problem will soon be upon him. And the parents of high-school students everywhere will do well to inform themselves in this matter against the time when they will be forced to face it as a personal problem entering into their own homes.

Are secret societies, fraternities and sororities helpful or detrimental to high-school pupils, to the pupils of the common schools?

To answer this let us ask another question: What is the cardinal purpose of the common schools of this country? To give to all pupils equal opportunity to get an education—a preparation for the world-struggle that comes with maturity and the responsibilities of adult life. Anything that disturbs this equality of opportunity is contrary to the spirit and to the basic purpose of our common schools.

It is my conviction that no one influence now felt in high-school life is more subversive of this spirit of equalized opportunity than is the "frat movement."

This conclusion has been reached after careful and systematic investigation which brought to light many pertinent facts regarding these secret orders. Here are some of the conditions uncovered by the investigation which can scarcely fail to be convincing to teachers and to parents generally—and also to those pupils who are open to reason in the matter and able to see it from the broad viewpoint of the adult.

In one Chicago high school having 1330 pupils there are twenty-five elective positions filled by the students from their ranks. The fraternity members in the school number 130 as against 1200 pupils not members of any secret order. At the time the investigation was made it was found that twenty of the twenty-five elective positions in the school organization were held by fraternity or sorority members, and that the representative government of the school was as firmly in the clutches of the "frat ring" as the municipal politics of New York are controlled by Tammany. If high schools are operated for the training of political bosses then the "frat" is an indispensable adjunct of high-school life; if government by clique is a desirable deal with which to impress the mind of the young American, as a part of his high-school training, then the fraternity is accomplishing an excellent mission and should be encouraged in the secondary schools.

Next let us consider the question of scholarship in this connection. When this problem reached a critical stage in Chicago the principals and teachers were instructed to report upon the scholarship records of pupils belonging to fraternities and sororities, and to indicate what kind of a record might reasonably be expected from the pupils if they were unconnected with any secret organization. The consensus of these reports was that, as a general thing, these orders contained much of the best elements in the schools in point of capacity and of favorable home environment, while the scholarship records were far below par.

Feeling that the principals and the teachers coming into close contact with pupils were the best judges of the influence exerted upon school life by these secret orders, I sought an individual expression from the fifteen principals and the 375 teachers in the high schools of Chicago. Without an exception or a dissenting voice, they characterized the influence of the fraternities and sororities as harmful to scholarship and to discipline, as un-American and undemocratic. That the attitude of these principals and teachers may be clearly understood I give below the round-robin to which all of them affixed their names:

Dear Sir: We, the principals and teachers of the Chicago high schools, desire to express to you, and through you to the patrons of the schools, our disapproval of high-school fraternities and sororities. We believe these organizations are undemocratic in their

nature, demoralizing in their tendencies and subversive of good citizenship; that they tend to divert their members from scholarly pursuits and to put the so-called interests of the organization above those of the school.

The effect of secret societies is to divide the school into cliques, to destroy unity and harmony of action and sentiment, and to render it more difficult to sustain the helpful relations which should exist between pupils and teachers.

Since the public school is an institution supported by public tax, all classes, without distinction of wealth or social standing, are entitled to an equal share in its benefits. Anything that divides the school community into exclusive groups, as these societies do, militates against this liberalizing influence that has made one people out of a multitude.

These organizations multiply the social functions, which demand too large a share of time and attention from school work. They offer temptations to imitate the amusements and relaxations of adult life, while their members have not acquired the power of guiding their actions by mature judgment. During the impressionable years of youth, school and home should unite their powerful influences to prevent the formation of habits that retard healthy, moral, intellectual and physical growth. It is unquestionably true that the full cooperation of these agencies is hindered by the influence of these societies.

In addition to this, our experience shows that the scholarly attainments of the majority of students belonging to these secret societies are far below the average, and we have reason to believe that this is due to the influence of such organizations.

In view of these facts, we feel that secret societies in the high schools ought to be discouraged by all reasonable means.

This communication covers the situation admirably and accurately, but the reports from individual teachers bring certain features of the matter into clearer relief. One principal writes: "The general influence upon the school is harmful. Time and effort is given to these organizations which should be given to school work. Boys sit up late smoking and chatting and have little enthusiasm for study next day. Cliques are formed, and any question of discipline or scholarship, small in itself, is resented by the whole club."

Another principal calls attention to the fact that a "frat house" located near the school is especially harmful because the boys secure permission, on legitimate pleas, to absent themselves from the room, and then abuse the privilege by sneaking to the "frat house." Both the fraternities and the sororities assume to represent the "swell" element of the school membership; it is apparent that pupils of certain races are tabooed, and in other instances there is reason to believe that the business or profession of the father and the social standing of the family are taken into consideration in passing upon the qualifications of a candidate. That the religious associations of pupils enter into their acceptability as members of these organizations is firmly believed by some principals who are in position to make very close observations.

What kind of a training is this for a young American, at the most impressionable period of his life? Childhood and youth should be the period of democratic associations, the time when the purely artificial and conventional lines of social and class distinctions are most obscure. Caste should not be permitted to enter the mind of the American schoolboy or schoolgirl. Anything which fosters the idea of clique and caste in the mind of the boy or girl of high-school age will help in the making of that hateful thing, a young American snob.

In the handling of this problem in Chicago it has been found that some parents have been foolish enough to encourage their children in "standing up for their rights." To all parents inclined to take this attitude I would point out the fact that such a point of view endangers the high-school system in any large city. Most of the children of parents of small means are compelled to drop out of school and take up the fight for a living before they reach the high school; in a sense, those who reach the high school and enjoy its costly benefits are "the favored few." It is, therefore, but natural that the poorer taxpayers and parents say: Give us enough grade schools so that our children can be taught—all taught—there, with full time and no lay-offs on account of crowded rooms. Here is an extract from a letter written by a well-known Chicago lawyer, a product of our public schools, who holds representative opinions on this subject. He writes:

> The great masses of the people are not in favor of the high schools, and claim that until the primary and grammar school children be given a full day schooling in sanitary and spacious rooms, that the higher schools, with their comparatively small number of pupils, should be greatly restrained if not absolutely abolished.
>
> Statistics show that but a small percentage of the pupils enrolled in the primary and grammar grades ever reach the benefits of a high-school education. The poor, as a rule, have to make the child, or do make the child, a bread-winner, at or before the end of his or her grammar-school years. So there has been for years, right in this city, a determined active opposition, that has long slumbered, but is ready to awaken at any time, for a good cause, and such a revolution would certainly hamper, if not abolish, the present system.

Then the writer refers to the caste spirit of the "frats," points out how it is calculated to aggravate this opposition to high schools, and concludes in these words:

> In some of them the dues and fees are beyond the means of the children of poorer parents who are stinting themselves to give their children a high-school course. In others, the societies in their innate arrogance set themselves up as the elect of the school class or institution and bar out other worthy pupils on account of their race, their creed or their social or financial standing.

There is not a big city in the United States in which the high-school sentiment is so strong that pupils of those "common-school universities" can afford to jeopardize the legitimate growth and expansion of such institutions by flaunting the "airs" of "swell college life" in the eyes of parents whose children are denied a full day's schooling in a grammar grade school. Every high-school "frat" or sorority lends logic to the cry: "Give us bigger, better and more grammar schools for the children of the common people, and colleges at private expense for pupils who want to live as college students live. Don't tax the common people for college frills in the shape of high schools."

One may not personally agree with such a view of the matter, but there are thousands who look at the situation in this way, and their attitude cannot well be ignored. How is this matter to be dealt with? Mainly by arousing the parents to hearty and sensible cooperation with the teachers. Another, or rather an additional, form of action has been tried in Chicago—with what success time only will tell. The Board of Education instructed the Superintendent of Schools to "deny to any secret societies which may exist all public recognition, including the privilege of meeting in the school buildings; that such organizations be forbidden to use the school name; that no student who is known to be a member of a fraternity or sorority or other so-called 'secret' society be permitted to represent the school in any literary or athletic contest, or in any other public capacity, and that the attention of parents of the pupils who are to attend the public high schools be called to the fact that the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools and the principals and teachers of the high schools unanimously condemn all such secret societies."

Urged by their children, some misguided parents appealed to the courts for an injunction prohibiting the school authorities from enforcing the rules embodied in the resolution. The injunction was granted on the ground that the enforcement of the rule would deny to pupils belonging to fraternities and sororities certain rights and privileges enjoyed by other pupils.

Here the matter now rests, but there is no doubt that it will be appealed to a higher court. Meantime there has been a notable falling away of "frat sentiment" on the part of pupils and an equally significant awakening on the part of parents to the fact that these secret societies have no legitimate place in high-school life—whatever may be said for or against them in connection with the college and the university.

Parents should clearly understand that the high-school "frat" means an early and a liberal education in snobbishness, in loafing, in mischief and in the manipulation of school politics.

Somebody Did

BY J. W. FOLEY

Somebody stood up right on top of a chair
An' reached in the cooky-jar, way, way up there.
W'en nobody's lookin' an' Mamma's asleep,
An' all of us chinnern wuz playin' bo-peep
Now'eres near the pantry; an' tryin' to get
Some cookies, an' someway the jar got upset,
An' my! it ist busted all over the floor.
But John, he ain't scairt; an' he rapped on the door,
W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
Cuz we don' know who done it—but Somebody did!

Somebody crawled up in the big leather chair
By the lib'ary table w'at stood over there
W'en we wuz a-playin' now'eres near the ink
An' Mamma was sewin'—an' w'at do you think?
Somebody upset it an' knocked it, ist Chug!
Right off'n the table an' down on the rug,
An' my! it ist busted an' runned everyw'eres.
But John, he ain't scairt; an' he runned right upstairs,
W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
Cuz we don' know who done it, but Somebody did!

An' wunst w'en the kitchen wuz all scrubbed so clean,
The floor wuz ist shiny as ever you seen,
An' we wuz all playin' outdoors in the street,
Somebody went in with the muddies' feet
An' tracked it all over the floor ist a sight;
An' my! when we seen it we ist shook with fright,
Cuz none of us chinnern went near it all day.
But John, he ain't scairt; an' he went right away,
W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
Cuz we don' know who done it—but Somebody did!

How White "Broke In"

"BLUNDERS and bull-headed luck are sometimes called foresight," is William Allen White's way of referring to some of the things he has done. The fates contributed toward starting him as an apprentice and in advancing him to master workman of the craft. If it had not been for a grocer and a drygoods merchant White might not have broken into the newspaper business.

White was a humble member of the freshman class of the College of Emporia and decided that he did not know enough to attend college. His home was in Eldorado, a small town in Southern Kansas, where his parents had moved soon after he was born. He would return to Eldorado and enter upon a business career. He wrote three letters. One was to a grocer, another to a drygoods merchant, and the third to the editor of the Democratic paper. To each young White unbegrudgingly offered his services. Only one reply came to him. That was from the editor, who offered him the job of devil in the printing office at three dollars a week. White would have taken the job as grocer boy at four dollars a week had the offer been made.

Within a week he had passed to the full degree of printer's devil. He was the best of all who had filled the position. He lived up to all the requirements and traditions of the profession. He got more ink on himself and on the office towel than any of his predecessors. He didn't mind it a bit when, according to the established custom, he had to eat a hunk of press roller. He didn't get mad when he was sent out for strap oil. He laughed at all the jokes played on him by the foreman and the one lone typesetter who made up the roll of hands in the shop.

Neither did he get discouraged when his salary was not forthcoming. He knew the editor had other uses for his money. When he caught the editor hanging around late on Saturday night to pay the foreman on the quiet he said never a word, but kicked the job press a little harder next week. The editor was a good man, but he was trying to run a Democratic paper in a Republican community; and that is about as difficult as running a Republican paper in a Democratic town.

When the time came for a change of postmasters under a Democratic administration the editor hurriedly packed his valise and started for Washington. He didn't care whether the next issue of the paper came out or not just so he secured the appointment. The foreman refused to lower his standing in the profession by supplying the news, and the lone typesetter said he would rather resign than write locals. It was thus left to the office devil to clip reprint and write the local news, and with his customary cheerfulness he undertook the new work.

Such was the beginning of White's editorial career. At the very outset he formed his style. To avoid more work than was necessary he set the locals in type without first writing them, and he made them out of the smallest number of type possible. They were brief and snappy. After that he decided he had better go to college. He graduated from the Kansas University. Then he returned to the newspaper work again, was employed on several papers, and finally became an editor.

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr

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A Sweet Problem

THERE now projects across the financial operations of John Steele the sinister shadow of a man. He was one rarely seen except by his immediate business associates, and yet seldom has a newspaper been issued that did not contain his name. This was Peter Berrington, the greatest financial brain the world had theretofore produced, the modern embodiment of Mammon. In early life there had occurred to him the obvious proposition that if any one man could control the manufacture and sale of some simple article in universal use he would secure a fortune greater than that of all the monarchs on earth put together. Peter Berrington chose soap as his medium, and the world-renowned trust called Amalgamated Soap has been the outcome.

His methods were as simple as his products. He offered what he considered a fair price to the competitor, and if that competitor refused Peter crushed him by a competition the other could not withstand. Berrington seemed to have but one rule in life, which was to avoid the law courts wherever possible, yet, nevertheless, he was haled to the bar on more than one occasion; but invariably he escaped unscathed, without a stain on his character, as if the soap he supplied to the universe had removed even the suspicion of dishonesty. It pleases the world to buy soap under different titles, but it is all manufactured by one company.

Berrington's air-tight monopoly finally produced an annual income in excess of the fortune any man on earth possessed twenty-five years ago. With this ever-increasing income he bought banks, first in New York, then in every other great city, and finally in the smaller cities and towns. He purchased stock companies and insurance associations. He bought railways and steamship lines, also city councils and State legislators, judges, juries and senators. He was now the guardian and manipulator of the people's savings, and his banks had the handling of all the money the United States Government possessed. Magazines printed vivid articles exhibiting the dark points of his career: Peter never entered a protest. Powerful newspapers hurled vigorous denunciations against him: but Peter never replied. The few who knew him in private life described him as a quiet, timorous man, apparently without opinions of his own, who was withal deeply religious. Yet not one of the histories of him printed ever contained the record of any man who had defeated him.

It was but natural, then, that the Chicago papers should make much of Jack Steele's encounter with this giant of the financial world. Jack had met him on the battleground of the Chicago wheat-pit, and had routed him, horse, foot and dragoons. Steele's exposure of the real wheat situation of the country had been so sudden that the barrels of money which Peter Berrington kept in readiness to buy the whole crop when he had hammered the price low enough remained unopened and unexpended.

Berrington would have made millions at one fell swoop had not this man Steele blindly, quite unwittingly, stumbled across his path and tripped him up. The newspapers exaggeratingly credited Steele with making much more than he had actually secured, and it was only when the anxious three days of panic had ended that Steele himself realized what a tremendous fortune had been in his grasp if he had only had the money to manipulate it, or even if he had risked all that he actually possessed. Indeed, Steele perceived, when too late, that he had blundered into the biggest deal ever projected upon this earth, and while he had completely spoiled the game for its inaugurators, he had not himself profited nearly so much as he might have. He began to doubt his own judgment, and the uneasy thought came to him that if he had made terms that night with Nicholson in the office of the Press Alliance he might have made from ten to twenty millions instead of three or four. Yet he was consoled by the belief that Peter would have been true to no bargain he might have made, and in the end would have robbed him of the agreed share. In spite of his religious reputation Peter was accredited with no qualms of conscience in a business deal.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each independent of the others, but all dealing with The Speculations of John Steele. The fourth will appear in an early number.

"THE MAN WITH WHOM I GO IN MUST BE PREPARED TO PUT UP DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR WITH ME IN HARD CASH"

The newspapers re-recited Steele's brief besting of Rockervelt, which was now utterly eclipsed by his victory over Berrington, and they jocularly advised New York rustics to stay at home and not venture into a real city like Chicago. In face of all this ridicule, and in spite of accusations and denunciations leveled against him for his efforts to mislead a free and incorruptible press, Peter Berrington made no sign, and New York silently swallowed up the mysterious Nicholson. But a few wiseacres in Chicago shook their heads as they read the laudations of Mr. John Steele, saying the young man was not yet done with Peter Berrington; and later events proved the correctness of their surmise.

Steele himself was not particularly frightened at the outlook, but neither was he extremely pleased. He was sorry that Fate had brought him into opposition with Peter Berrington, but he had learned that fact too late to withdraw. When he met Nicholson, and learned for the first time that the Great Bear was Amalgamated Soap, he was already committed too deeply for half measures to aid him. He had acted at once, decisively and successfully, and would have been relieved had he merely got out even. It was his usual luck that he came away with large profits, and for that he thanked Fate, because he knew his enemy was ruthless. Success did not turn his head in the least. He was a cool thinker, and detested all this newspaper notoriety. He knew fortunes were not made by the beating of drums, and he kept very quiet until the hubbub was over, refusing to see reporters, or say anything about the matter, save to his most intimate friends. He hoped that some fresh sensation would speedily drive his name from the columns of the press, and until that time came he kept quiet, doing nothing. He comforted himself with the thought that Peter Berrington, while merciless to an opponent, was merciless merely to acquire that opponent's business. He believed the great man to be entirely without sentiment, and therefore surmised he would not seek revenge when a deal was once completed and done with. Nevertheless, he resolved to keep his weather eye open, which was wise.

The new celebrity he had attained brought all sorts and conditions of men to his offices. He began to think that every wildcat scheme in the country was placed before him. Letters poured in from almost every part of the world, and he was offered gold mines, patents, railways, steamship lines, industrial enterprises and what not. He took larger offices, and protected himself from intrusion. He became a much more difficult man to see than even the President of the United States, or perhaps it would be more fitting to say than Mr. Peter Berrington, although that would be an exaggeration, for Peter allowed no outsider to penetrate to his den.

There was one man, however, who succeeded in reaching the inner room of Jack Steele, and his card bore the name of Mr. William Metcalfe. The card had been preceded, however, by some excellent letters of introduction, and so John Steele made an appointment with him. He was favorably impressed with the appearance of Mr. Metcalfe, who did not look like a city man, but rather a cross between a bluff farmer and a shrewd manufacturer, which indeed he turned out to be. After seating himself, William Metcalfe plunged directly into the heart of his business, without preliminary, which also pleased John Steele.

"I know your time is valuable," he said; "so is mine. I have undertaken an operation that proves too big for me, and I want you to help me to carry it out."

"I have three rules, Mr. Metcalfe, which I rarely break. In the first place, I never finance anything. If, for instance, you have a factory to build, or a patent to exploit, it is useless coming to me expecting help."

"I have no factory to build and no patent to exploit," said Metcalfe.

"My second rule is that the man with whom I go in must be prepared to put up dollar for dollar with me in hard cash, and not in future prospects."

"I am prepared to do that," rejoined Metcalfe.

"My third rule is that I must see for myself and understand the business offered. I do not give a hang for the opinions of experts. If the proposal is complicated and beyond my comprehension I don't go in."

"Quite right," commended Metcalfe. "None of your three rules will be in the least infringed by me. Do you know anything of the beet-sugar business?"

"I do not."

"Did you ever hear of Bradley, of Bay City?"

"I did not."

"Well, what Bradley accomplished may be understood by a ten-year-old boy. He went over to Germany and came back with some seeds in his handbag, which seeds he planted. From those seeds have grown the beet-root industry of Michigan. There are now factories in that State capitalized at $10,000,000. There are nearly 100,000 acres of Michigan land in beets. Ten years ago I hadn't a penny; to-day I think I could put as much money on the table as you, and all on account of those seeds Bradley brought from Germany. I own three big factories in Michigan, and four others in States farther west. You hinted that you didn't wish to deal in possibilities, but, if you will forgive me for saying it, there is no industry in this country at the present moment which gives greater promise than the manufacture of sugar out of beet root."

"I dare say," replied Steele indifferently. "I am quite willing to applaud the excellent Bradley, who made millions of beets grow where none had grown before. I admire such a man exceedingly, even though unprepared to follow in his steps. You see, Mr. Metcalfe, I am not a useful citizen like yourself and Mr. Bradley. I simply make a raid at some project, filch what I can, and get back into my den. As I told you, I am not building factories, not even those that squeeze the succulent beet. My motto is large profits and quick returns."

"I am here to offer you immense profits and immediate returns. I understand the sugar business down to the ground, and have realized its possibilities for several years past. Therefore I determined to combine all the big sugar factories at present existing in the United States. Rapidly as I myself have acquired wealth, the sugar business has been growing too quickly for me, and at the beginning of this year I saw I had to put my project into action, or else interest a body of financiers, which I did not wish to do, for my ambition is to control the sugar-beet industry of the United States, and ultimately of the world."

"Ah, you hope to become a sort of sweetened Peter Berrington," said Steele with a smile; and he thought of this remark somewhat grimly later.

"Exactly," said Metcalfe seriously, without duplicating the other's smile. "As I told you, I own outright seven factories. I have got options on all the rest, and in each case have paid down a forfeit, for I shall have to buy outright within the next month if I am to hold them. Now the total

cost of all the factories in the States at present, built or building, comes to almost double the capital I possess. If you will put up dollar for dollar with me we will purchase these factories outright. Then we will form the whole into a gigantic company. When this is done you can withdraw your money, and probably as much more as you put in. If the public do not subscribe the full amount we demand I will guarantee to relieve you at par of all the shares that may fall to your portion."

"How can you guarantee to do that when at the present moment you have not got more than half the necessary capital for forming the company?"

"I can guarantee it because I am certain the public will subscribe; but even if they do not, the moment the company is formed there is a bank in this city willing to advance me cash to the amount of three-quarters of our capital. Therefore I can guarantee that you will double your money within a month—that is, within a month of your putting it in. You say you care nothing for the opinions of experts; neither do I; so I propose that you become my guest for two weeks, and visit most of the factories now under my control. You can see the books and balance-sheets of my own concerns, and from what you learn under my tuition you will be able to form a very good estimate of how the other factories are placed."

"I understand very little about company promoting," said Steele dubiously.

"I understood just as little a short time since, but it was necessary that I should learn, and I have learnt. Besides, I got letters of introduction to Farewell Brothers, the most substantial and honest firm connected with that business in Chicago. The same people introduced me to them that introduced me to you. Suppose, for instance, the combined factories were to cost us $10,000,000. With such prospects as there are ahead we would be quite justified in forming a company for $20,000,000. If the public subscribed only half of what we demanded we would have our factories for nothing, and still control the combination."

"How about your working capital?"

"We don't need working capital. Every factory is making money."

"Well, candidly, Mr. Metcalfe, that project seems too easy and simple to be entirely feasible. There must be something lying in wait to wreck it."

"Nothing so far as I can see," said Metcalfe confidently.

"What if the public do not subscribe a penny?"

"Oh, I've looked out for that. When I got the options there was, of course, no longer any need for keeping the affair secret, and I have already been promised subscriptions to the new company to the extent of one-third the proposed capital of $20,000,000. That one-third will be subscribed in Michigan and Wisconsin alone, without touching the State of Illinois or the capitalists of Chicago."

"Very well, Mr. Metcalfe; you appear to have thought of everything. I'll accept your invitation, so long as it binds me to nothing, and will go wherever you lead me, beginning, let us say, with one of your own factories. I understand figures, and I shall want to see the books, and make a somewhat thorough search into the income of at least the principal factories. You have no objection to that, I suppose?"

"No; not in the least. Big as our capitalization will be, this is a thoroughly sound industrial proposition, and before five years are over I am certain that we will be justified in doubling our normal capital if we wish to do so, and paying a mighty good percentage on it. Of course, I stand by the business; I suppose you wish to pull out as quickly as possible?"

"Yes, that's the idea. I hope you have not offered extravagant prices for these factories?"

"That's just the point; I have not. You see, as I told you, I am thoroughly acquainted with the business. A capitalist from New York or Chicago might have been deluded, but they cannot delude a practical man like myself. Indeed, to show you the confidence that others have in the proposed company, I may tell you that the capital promised comes largely from the present owners of those factories, who appreciate the economies to be inaugurated by combination, and who in some instances are putting back into the new company the entire amount I shall pay them."

"Do they know you intend to capitalize for double what the property has cost?"

"Naturally not, Mr. Steele. Of course, they understand I am not in this business entirely for my health; but, apart from that, any one conversant with the progress the beet industry has made during the last four or five years is well aware that the developments of the next five or six will be something enormous."

"All right, Mr. Metcalfe, I'm ready to go with you tomorrow, if that is not too soon for you."

John Steele's visit to the beet-sugar district more than corroborated all that Metcalfe had told him. Quietly he studied his host and guide during the excursion, and the more he saw of him the better he liked him. If there was an honest man in the country that man appeared to be William Metcalfe, in spite of his determination to capitalize the properties for double what he paid for them. John's own conscience was

AND RECOGNIZED WILLIAM METCALFE

not supersensitive on this point, and his private opinion would have been that a man was a fool not to take all he could get. So, before they returned to Chicago, he had quite made up his mind to become a partner in forming the Consolidated Beet Sugar Company.

Metcalfe having no domicile in Chicago, the headquarters of the new trust was the private office of John Steele and the apartment adjoining. This adjoining apartment was occupied by Mr. William Metcalfe, upon whose shoulders naturally fell the bulk of the work. It was he who saw the lawyers to whom he had been introduced, who negotiated with the bank, and who made such outside arrangements as were necessary in the launching of so gigantic a scheme.

Steele was more and more impressed with the business capacity of his new partner as the days went on, and he congratulated himself on being in conjunction with so capable a man. But notwithstanding his increasing confidence he never for a moment relaxed his vigilance, nor was anything done without his sanction and approval, and he allowed no obscure point to pass before he had thoroughly mastered it. Toward the conclusion of preliminary arrangements he saw with some apprehension that this project was going to involve every penny of capital he possessed, and this, of course, was cause for anxiety, though not for alarm, because all the omens were favorable. Yet his vigilance would have been of little avail had not chance played into his hands. Steele was constantly in the office; Metcalfe was frequently called elsewhere, and in one of his absences a telegraph boy brought him a message.

"Any answer?" asked the lad.

Steele tore open the envelope, and gazed at the telegram for a moment uncomprehending. It was in cipher. Then he looked at the envelope, and saw it was addressed to his partner. "No answer," said Steele to the boy; "but look here, my lad, do you want to earn fifty cents?"

"Sure," replied the messenger.

"Very well, get me another envelope from the nearest telegraph office. I see this is for my partner, not for me."

He threw half a dollar on the table, which the boy grasped, and left.

"Be as quick as you can," cried Steele before he reached the door.

The cipher telegram was a long one, but speedily Steele wrote it out on a sheet of paper. When the boy returned with the envelope Steele placed the telegram within it, sealed it, and addressed it in imitation of the telegraphic clerk. Then he walked into the adjoining office and placed the re-sealed telegram on Mr. Metcalfe's desk.

"Now, why does honest William Metcalfe receive a long telegram in cipher from New York?" said Steele to himself, knitting his brows. "He has never even mentioned New York to me, yet he is in secret communication with some one there. Lord," he continued, "one can never tell when the biggest sort of crank will not suddenly loom up as the most useful man in the world!"

He had suddenly bethought himself of Billy Brooks, a jocular person who bored all Chicago with his knowledge of cipher, claiming there was nothing he couldn't unravel except the Knock Alphabet cipher of the Russian Nihilists; and Billy had his office in the fifteenth story of the next building.

Steele shoved the copy of the telegram in his trousers pocket, put on his silk hat, went down one elevator and up another in almost less time than it takes to tell about it.

"Say, Billy, I've got a cipher here that you can't decode, and I've got twenty dollars to bet on it."

"Let's see your cipher!" cried Billy, his eyes sparkling. "All ciphers fall into seven distinct classes. These classes are then subdivided into ——"

"Yes, I know, I know!" cried Steele impatiently. "Here's the message."

Billy glanced at it.

"Hand over your twenty dollars, Steele."

"What! you haven't solved it already?"

"No, but I see at a glance it falls into division three and into sub-division nineteen. I'll decode it within an hour. Shall I bring it over to your office?"

"No, Billy, I'll sit right down here, even if you are six hours at it. I herewith place two ten-dollar bills on your desk, and if this proves important, which it may or may not, I'll multiply those bills by ten, and for that number of days, at least, I shall require the utmost secrecy."

"All right, John, sit down and keep quiet; and there's the latest evening paper."

There was silence in the room as Billy opened a bookcase and took down one bulky tome, two medium-sized books, and a number of smaller volumes that looked like dictionaries. Turning to his desk, he wrote the message in a variety of different ways on as many sheets of paper. For nearly three-quarters of an hour no sound was heard but the scratching of a pen now and then, and the rustle of leaves. Then the stillness was broken by a warwhoop.

"Here you are, Jack, my boy, and I'll take my Bible oath on its accuracy! Couldn't be such a series of coincidences as to run so smoothly otherwise.

"Precious greenbacks! Loot divine!
Twenty dollars, you are mine!"

Billy jubilantly grasped the currency and shoved it into his pocket, handing the sheet of paper to Steele, who read:

> I shall occupy room one hundred and fifty at the Grand Pacific Hotel, on Thursday, the twenty-seventh, at eleven A. M. Do not ask for me at the office, nor take the elevator, but come up the stair, and rap twice. Wait two minutes, and rap a third time. Bring all documents with you.

There was no signature.

"Billy," said Steele rather seriously, "we will now burn all your figuring, if you don't mind, and then I wish you to obliterate this from your memory. I cannot tell until after Thursday whether it is important or not. I think, however, if you keep mum, this will be worth an extra $200 to you."

"You can depend on me, Jack; we're not all making money as fast as you are. Of course I know that financial ciphers are usually important. Here's the débris; burn it on the oilcloth, near the radiator."

Steele's investigation of the Grand Pacific Hotel showed him that room 150 was well chosen, since neither of the rooms on either side had a communicating door. However, he engaged room 149, on the opposite side of the hall, and before ten o'clock on the twenty-seventh he took up his position inside of that apartment. When eleven o'clock approached he locked his door, shoved the table against it, stood thereon, and looked through the transom into the hall. He had darkened his own window so that he could not be observed by any one glancing up outside. Soon he heard the first knock, then cautiously peered down, and recognized William Metcalfe standing there, facing the opposite door, with a bundle under his arm. After the third knock Metcalfe entered, but opened the door so slightly that Steele could see nothing within, nor did he hear any greeting voice.

A full hour passed with not a sound from the closed room; then Metcalfe came out again, with the bundle still under his arm, and walked quietly away, leaving his partner on watch at the transom. Time goes slowly for a man with eyes strained, but at last his patience was rewarded. The door opposite opened, and the head of Nicholson appeared. He glanced quickly up and down the hall, and as the way was apparently clear, stepped out and vanished. John Steele came down from the table, drew aside the curtains, and let the light into the darkened room. He poured a glass of water from the carafe into a tumbler, swallowed the liquid at a gulp, and sank into the armchair beside the bed. He gave utterance to an uneasy laugh, then muttered a sentence which might be called unexpected:

"Billy Brooks, my boy, you'll get your $200!"

Drawing a deep breath, Steele concentrated his mind on the crisis with which he was confronted. Metcalfe was undoubtedly the owner of the sugar factories, and was, as he had said, a well-known business man in Michigan; but nevertheless here was undoubted proof that he was a minion of Amalgamated Soap, a mere pawn in the hands of Peter Berrington and his strong colleague, Nicholson. Every penny John Steele possessed was sunk in Consolidated Sugar, and that these men meant to ruin him he had not the slightest doubt. The question was, how could they do it? Even if Metcalfe's books had been false, even if a hundred per cent. too much had been paid for the factories, there would still be something left for him out of the wreck. Yet from

the moment he saw the face of Nicholson at that door he knew Amalgamated Soap had determined to strip him of every sou he possessed.

The first obvious suggestion that occurred to him was that here was the occasion for consulting a first-class lawyer; yet what could a lawyer do for him? He had no money to fight. The more he thought of the situation the worse it appeared. No doubt Farewell Brothers were employees of Amalgamated Soap. No doubt the bank in which their funds were deposited belonged to the same all-embracing combination. There were a hundred perfectly legal methods by which the amount lodged there could be tied up, while, if he appealed to the law, the expense would be tremendous, and he might be dragged from court to court; new trial could follow new trial, and appeal tread on the heels of appeal, until his millions had vanished into thin air. He was as entirely in the hands of Amalgamated Soap as if he had been tied in a bundle and presented to that celebrated company. Terror was imported into the situation by his uncertainty as to what method these financial buccaneers would adopt. Yet at that distressful moment his mind wandered to the comic opera of The Mikado, and a smile came to his lips. Would it be long and lingering, with boiling oil at the end of it, or would it be the short, sharp shock on the executioner's block? His resentment turned more against the apparently honest Metcalfe than toward even Nicholson or Peter Berrington. He would have liked to throttle that man, but he knew that whatever the outcome he must retain his grip on himself, and present a passive exterior to Metcalfe and the world.

Next morning John Steele met his partner as usual with a smile on his face.

"Well, Metcalfe, how's things going?"

"Oh, everything's coming our way," said Metcalfe. "This thing will be done so easy you will wonder you ever doubted its success."

"Well, I hope so, I hope so," replied Steele. The possible double meaning of his partner's phrase struck him like a blow in his face, but his smile never wavered.

The company had already been technically formed—that is to say, a number of clerks in Steele's office, together with the brothers Farewell, had constituted themselves the Consolidated Sugar Beet Company, with various powers duly set forth, organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and when officers were selected the beet-sugar factories had been bought by this company at just double the price these gentlemen had paid for them. Then the officials resigned in a body, when checks had been passed, and everything done with beautiful legality, while Steele and Metcalfe and their nominees took their places at the board.

It had been arranged that there should be seven directors. Steele and Metcalfe were to nominate two each, while they were to agree mutually on the chairman. Metcalfe had proposed that the elder Farewell should hold this office, and he nominated the younger as his colleague on the board. Farewell, who knew every intricacy of corporation law, had been accepted by Steele, and there was still one nomination open to Metcalfe, which name he had excused himself at that time from proposing, saying that he was not well enough acquainted with business men in Chicago to fill the place at the moment. He had even intimated that he was willing to accept a nominee of Steele's, and that seemingly friendly suggestion had prevented any suspicion of the board being packed against him arising in Jack Steele's mind. He remembered this now with bitterness, when it was too late to remedy it. Steele and his two colleagues could tie the vote of Metcalfe and his two colleagues, but the chairman would have the deciding vote. Since he had seen the determined face of Nicholson in the corridor of the Grand Pacific he had no doubt that the Farewell Brothers were the mere minions of Peter Berrington.

At last the trap laid for the public was sprung, and the public, as usual, was nipped. The success of the flotation was immediate, although applications did not come within a million of the sum asked for. After the flotation Metcalfe's manner changed perceptibly. Steele watched him as a cat watches a mouse, and saw that he was now perturbed, and apparently dissatisfied.

"Why!" cried Steele to him the morning after the figures were known to them, "you don't seem nearly as happy as I expected. You surely did not look for the shares to be subscribed twice over?"

"No," said Metcalfe gloomily, "but the amount that has been subscribed shows what vitality there was in the scheme."

"Vitality!" cried Steele. "Why, bless my soul, you never doubted it, did you?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Metcalfe hastily. "No, I told you we were dead sure of a third, and the actual subscriptions have more than justified my forecast."

"They have, indeed!" cried Steele enthusiastically. "I tell you what it is, Metcalfe, you're one of the first financiers of this country."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Metcalfe, in no way cheered by the compliment.

"It isn't nonsense," said the genial Steele; "you've taken lessons from a first-rate master, for I look on Nicholson as one of the best men in the business."

When John Steele had plumped a similar searching remark at Nicholson not the slightest change of expression had disturbed that individual's impassive visage. William Metcalfe had his countenance under less perfect self-command. Steele's smile was gentle and friendly, but his keen eyes missed no note of the other's face. He watched a ruddy flush mount into his partner's cheeks. He noticed the embarrassed hesitation that accompanied his utterance.

"WE WILL NOW BURN ALL YOUR FIGURING, AND I WISH YOU TO OBLITERATE THIS FROM YOUR MEMORY"

"Mr. Nicholson! Ah, yes, certainly, certainly. He's not a friend of mine, of course, only a slight and recent acquaintance. Not the sort of man to form friendships easily."

"Really?" asked Steele. "I met him only once, but he seemed rather genial."

"A great business man, a great business man," hurriedly muttered Metcalfe, obviously trying to get himself under control once more, playing for time, and not quite knowing what he was saying.

"So I have been informed," remarked Steele with easy carelessness. "One of the Amalgamated Soap group, I understand."

"Quite so," rejoined Metcalfe, his own man once more. "You see, Mr. Steele, I thought it would strengthen us tremendously if I could get a man like Nicholson to become interested in our project. The mere rumor that Amalgamated Soap was behind us would have been worth millions to us at the present juncture."

"I quite agree with you, Metcalfe. Amalgamated Soap is a name to conjure with. The public worship success, and there you have success in its most highly developed form. Why didn't you let me know?"

"Well, in the first place, I did not wish to mention so important a matter until I was sure of carrying it through. No use of giving promises that you cannot make good. In the second place, I was not aware that you knew Nicholson."

"Oh, you were quite right; it was just a casual meeting, when we were introduced by a common friend. I don't flatter myself that my views would have any influence upon a man of Nicholson's standing in the financial world. But there is another part I don't quite understand. I admit the value of Nicholson's name to us, but why wasn't his connection divulged in time to influence subscriptions?"

"Well, you see, it was like this," hesitated Metcalfe, for a liar must be a most agile person, and Steele's questions had a fashion of touching the spot. "It was like this. I did not really conclude my arrangement with Nicholson until this morning. He's a very difficult man to handle, and he knows as well as any one his own value. I imagine he wished to see which way the cat was going to jump before he committed himself."

"Well, the cat has jumped entirely our way, even if the leap did not reach the furthest mark we staked out. The success of the subscriptions, then, induced Nicholson to join us?"

"Quite so, quite so, with the proviso that he is to have the vacant seat at the board, unless you have any objection."

"Objection? Certainly not. I am highly delighted with our acquisition. Besides, the seat at the board is entirely in your gift. I have no right to object, even if I wished to do so."

This was said with such an air of childlike simplicity that the perturbed Metcalfe, who seemingly still retained some remnants of conscience, showed confusion.

"True enough," he murmured; "still, I should not like to nominate any one who might be personally objectionable to you."

"I cannot imagine, Metcalfe, why you should suppose Nicholson could be objectionable to any one. He is a tower of strength. I am delighted that you have induced him to join us."

"I am very much relieved to hear you say so," rejoined Metcalfe, who seemed bewildered at the turn things had taken.

The preliminary meetings of the company had all been held in Steele's offices. This afternoon, however, the directors were to foregather at the board-room of the bank in which the deposits of the subscribers were lodged. Steele was thus to beard the lion in the lion's own den, for he now no longer doubted that this bank was owned by Peter Berrington, Nicholson and their colleagues. The appointed hour was three o'clock, and John Steele arrived on the stroke, the last man to appear. Nicholson stood in the centre of the group. Metcalfe, who had quite recovered his composure, said with a fine air of good comradeship:

"I think you two gentlemen have met before, so a formal introduction is not necessary between Mr. Steele and Mr. Nicholson."

"I had the somewhat chastened satisfaction of encountering Mr. Steele once under conditions I am not likely to forget," said Nicholson quietly, with impressive geniality.

"I count myself one of Mr. Steele's numerous admirers."

"It is kind of you to say that, Mr. Nicholson," replied Jack, extending his hand, while that winning smile of his played about his lips. "On the occasion to which you refer I was so unhappy as to find myself in opposition to Amalgamated Soap. I am the more gratified, therefore, to find myself in some measure a colleague of so distinguished a coterie, even if I am admitted into but an outer temple, as it were."

"Your gratification, Mr. Steele, is as nothing compared to my own at finding you here among us."

Jack Steele bowed his acknowledgment. It was as if one of the lions had begun by complimenting Daniel.

"Gentlemen, I think the hour has struck," said the grave Farewell, senior, taking his seat at the head of the long table.

The directors seated themselves on either side, Nicholson at the right hand of the chairman, Metcalfe next him, and the younger Farewell the third on that side. Opposite Nicholson sat John Steele, and beside him his two nominees. Thus quietly the lines of battle were formed, and to all outward appearance the meeting might have been supposed to be a love-feast. Bunches of papers were heaped before the chairman, while writing-pads, pens and ink were placed in front

(Continued on Page 21)

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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"I DON'T THINK I ENGAGED YOU FOR THIS SORT OF WORK, MUHAMMED," SAID HE

CHAPTER XXV

THREE times since that first fruitless summons to luncheon had Aspasia come to the door of the attic. Twice, with the engaging practicality of her nature, she had carried up a little tray. She would fain minister to a mind diseased with soup or with tea, knowing no better medicine. Each time, however, her gentle knocking, her coaxing representations through the keyhole, had produced not the least response. But the girl's ear had caught the rustling of papers within; and, satisfied that there was nothing worse than one of her aunt's moods to account for the persistently closed door and the silence, she had withdrawn with her offering, more irritated, perhaps, than anxious.

Now, however, as she knocked and rattled at the handle and implored admittance, there was a double pressure of anxiety upon her: the demands of unexpected events without, and a new, deathlike stillness within.

"Oh, dear," cried Baby, "what shall I do, what shall I do!"

She thought of summoning Major Bethune to her aid, but shrank, with the repugnance of some unformed womanly reticence.

"I must get in," she said to herself desperately, and flung all her young vigor against the door. To her joy, the socket of the bolt yielded with unexpected ease. She fell almost headlong into the room, and then stood aghast. There lay Lady Gerardine, prone on the floor among the strewn papers, the flickering candle by her side.

For a second the girl's heart stopped beating. The next moment she could have cried aloud with joy. Rosamond had not even fainted; but, as she raised herself and Baby saw the face that was turned to her, the girl realized that here was hardly an occasion for thanksgiving; and her own lips, trembling upon a tremendous announcement, were struck silent.

"Oh, my poor darling!" cried she, catching the stricken woman in her arms, "what is it?"

With a moan as of physical pain, Rosamond's head dropped on her niece's shoulder.

"You're cold; you're worn out," said the girl. "Those dreadful letters, and this place like an ice-house! Aunt Rosamond, darling——" She chafed the cold hands vigorously as she spoke. "You must be starved, too. Oh, and I don't know how to tell you! Let me bring you down to your own room—there's tea waiting for you, and such a fire! Aunt Rosamond, you must rouse yourself. Here, I'll put these papers by."

The one thing that could stir Rosamond from her torpor of misery was this.

"Don't touch them," she said. Her toneless voice seemed to come from depths far distant. She laid her wasted hands over the scattered sheets, drawing them together to her bosom; and then, on her knees, fell again into the former state of oblivion of all but her absorbing pain.

Frenzied with impatience and the urgency for action, Baby now blurted out the news which the sight of Lady Gerardine's drawn countenance had caused her to withhold:

"Runkle's come!"

The woman, kneeling, half turned her head. A change passed over her rigid countenance.

"Yes; Runkle's here," went on Baby ruthlessly, raising her voice as if speaking to the deaf. "Uncle Arthur is here; he has come over in a motor—a party of them. Aunt Rosamond, your husband is here."

A long shudder shook the kneeling figure. It was as if life returned to its work; and, returning, trembled in nausea from the task before it. A deep, sullen color began to creep into Lady Gerardine's white cheek. She bent over the gaping box and dropped into it her armful of papers. Then she looked over her shoulder at Aspasia, and drew down the lid.

"My husband! . . . My husband is dead," she said.

The girl's blood ran cold. Had the hidden terror taken shape at last? The words were mad enough; yet it was the fierce light in Rosamond's eyes that seemed most to signal danger.

But Aspasia was not timid, and she was not imaginative. And Lady Gerardine's next action, the cry which escaped her lips, at once pierced to every tender, helpful instinct of the girl's heart, and banished the paralyzing fear.

"Oh, Baby," cried she, springing to her feet and stretching out her arms in hopeless appeal, "what have I done? What is to become of me?"

Once more Baby's arms were about her. Baby, great in the emergency, was pouring forth consolation, expostulation, counsel.

"Look here, Aunt Rosamond; it's really only for a little while; you'll have to show, you know, but they can't stay. Their blessed motor broke down, or something, and they ought to have been here hours ago. Now they can only stop for a cup of tea, if they are to get back to-night. You must just pull yourself together for half an hour—just half an hour, Aunt Rosamond! Leave me to manage. All you've got to do is to smile a bit, and let Runkle do the talking. They want us all to go to Melbury Towers to-morrow: Major Bethune and everybody. That's what they've come over for."

Lady Gerardine put the girl from her roughly.

"I'm not going there," she said.

"Of course not," said wise Baby, soothing. "But we must put him off somehow. To-morrow you can be ill or something. Do, Aunt Rosamond, darling, be sensible. Don't make things harder. For Heaven's sake don't let us have a row—that would be worse than anything! I know you're not well enough to stand poor old Runkle just now; it's your dear nerves. But just for half an hour—for the sake of being free of him. Oh, Aunt, you used to be so patient! Come, they'll be in upon us in one minute. Luckily they've all been busy over that machine, pulling its inside to pieces. Come to your room, now, and have your tea and tidy a bit. And I'll keep them at bay till you are ready."

She half dragged, half led Lady Gerardine to the warm shelter of her own room. She stood over her till the prescribed tea had been taken; then, hearing the Old Ancient House echo to the footsteps of its unexpected visitors, she announced her intention of running to look after them.

"I've told Runkle already that you've a beastly headache," she cried with her cheerful mendacity. "I won't let him up here, never fear; but I'll come and fetch you down when I've started them on Mary's scones. If you just do your hair a bit—Goodness, there goes six o'clock. They can't stay long, that's one blessing!"

Left to herself, with the stimulating comfort of the tea doing its work upon her weary frame, Lady Gerardine viewed her position with some return to calmness. This odious burden that she had laid upon herself she must lift a while once more; and it should be for the last time. She who for years had played the hypocrite placidly would play it now again, though the tempest raged within her. For the future she must have time. Before she could act she must think. For this present sordid moment—the child was right—there must be no scandal; above all, not here, in this sacred house of his, where even she, unworthy, had recognized the presence of the dead.

She sat down before the mirror and shook her long hair loose.

The sound of voices, of laughter, rose confusedly from the drawing-room below. She set her teeth as the well-known note of Sir Arthur's insistent bass distinguished itself from the others. How had she endured it for five years?

Doors were slammed, and then the light thud of Baby's footsteps scurrying hither and thither like a rabbit; her calls in the passage brought a vague smile to Lady Gerardine's lips.

Up to a certain point only is the human organization capable of pain. After that comes the respite of numbness. Rosamond was numbed now. Mind and heart alike refused to face the point of agony; only the most trivial thoughts could occupy her brain. Idly she pulled the comb through the warm gold of her hair; idly she weighed which would be the least effort to her weary limbs, that of twisting up those tresses herself or rising to ring the bell for Jani.

Presently her eyes wandered to the portrait that hung just over her dressing-table. She shifted both candlesticks to one side to throw their light full upon it.

Baby came in as upon the wings of a gust of wind.

"The most dreadful thing," she panted in a flurried whisper; arrested herself in her canter across the room, and plunged back to shut the open door. "My poor, poor darling: they're going to stay the night!"

Lady Gerardine flung apart the girl's arms as if the embrace strangled her. Their eyes met in the mirror. Then the woman shot a glance around the room, a glance so desperate that the other, child as she was, could not but understand.

"Oh, you're safe—safe for the moment, anyhow," she blurted out. "I've been lying like Old Nick. I said you'd just taken a phenacetin, and that if you were disturbed now you wouldn't be fit to lift your head all the evening. But you'll have to come down to dinner; you can get bad again afterward. Runkle's quite injured already. He's been having such a jolly time lately; he thinks it harder than ever on him that you should still be ill. And Lady Aspasia——"

"Lady Aspasia," repeated the other mechanically.

"Yes, that abominable woman with the ridiculous name; she's there! And Doctor Châtelard; you remember, the pudgy Frenchman? We've got to house them all somewhere, and to feed them. It's desperate——"

Aspasia checked her speech; for Lady Gerardine had risen from her chair with an abrupt movement and stood staring blankly into the mirror.

Poor Aspasia had had sufficient experience already of her aunt's moods, but this singular attitude affected the girl in so unpleasant a fashion that she felt as if she ought to shake the staring woman, pinch her, shout at her, do anything to call her out of this deadly torpor!

"Aunt Rosamond," she cried, raising her voice sharply in the hope of catching the wandering attention, "I've told Sarah about the rooms and ordered fires to be lit; and I've seen Mary about the dinner. The poor Old Ancient House, Runkle's crabbing it already like anything! But we'll show them it can be hospitable, won't we?"

"Yes," said Rosamond, "yes." The hectic color deepened on her cheek. The widened, unseeing pupil contracted with a flash of answering light. "Baby, you're a good child. It shall give the right hospitality—his house."

THOSE STRIDENT TONES WERE CONVEYING WORDS OF WHAT SHE SUPPOSED TO BE FRENCH

Aspasia drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Mary thinks she can have dinner in an hour," she said. "Oh, gracious! what a piece of business! And—and you'll come down, won't you?"

She rubbed her coaxing cheek against her aunt's shoulder.

"Yes. I'll come down."

"I'll dress you," said Baby, her light heart rising buoyantly under what seemed such clearing skies. She nodded. "Oh, dear, I've such a desperate lot of things to do! There's the wine." She slapped her forehead. "I'd forgotten the wine." And the door closed violently behind her tempestuous petticoat. As a companion to a neurasthenic patient Miss Cuningham no doubt had her weak points.

. . . . . .

Rosamond sank slowly back in her chair; her head fell inertly before her.

When the girl returned after an hour's exceeding activity the elder woman's attitude had not altered by a fraction. But the exigency of time and social requirements left Aspasia no leisure now to linger over doubts and fears. Her own cheeks were pink from rapid ablutions; her crisp hair stood out more vigorously than ever after determined manipulation. She pealed a bell for Jani and fell herself upon the golden mass covering Lady Gerardine's shoulders, her chattering tongue in full swing:

"Of course, the poor wretches are in their motor garments. (You never saw anything like Runkle in a pony skin and goggles. He's more motist than the chauffeur.) So I've only just stuck on a blouse, you see. But I've determined you shall be beautiful in a tea-gown. My word, I'd no idea Lady Aspasia was so tremendous! I want *you* simply to be beautiful!"

Deft hands twisted and coiled.

"It was Runkle, you know, who broke the motor: he insisted on driving, and jammed them sideways in a gate. He's awfully pleased with himself. It's Lady Aspasia's motor. She calls Runkle, Arty: what do you think of that? Ah, here's Jani. Which shall it be—the white and gold? I love the white and gold, Aunt Rosamond."

"Black—black," said Rosamond.

CHAPTER XXVI

SIR ARTHUR came down the shallow oaken stairs, after his necessarily exiguous toilet, a prey to distinct dudgeon. He had been whirled away upon this expedition by the impetuosity of Lady Aspasia, somewhat against his will in the first place. That he, Sir Arthur Gerardine, should have to come in quest of his wife, instead of the latter obediently hieing her at his summons, was a breach of the world's decorum as he understood it personally. That his wife should have a headache and have partaken of phenacetin coincidently upon his arrival; that she should evidently (and by a thousand tokens the unwelcome fact was forced upon him) be still in her uncomfortable hyperæsthetic, neurasthenic state of health was a want of consideration for his feelings of which no dutiful spouse should have been guilty; and, moreover, this condition of things was woefully destructive of all comfort in the connubial state. He positively dared not insist upon seeing her at once. Absurd as the situation was, he must await her pleasure; for, with Lady Aspasia present, the danger of fainting fits or hysterics could not be risked. Not that he wanted to blame Rosamond unduly, poor thing; but it really was not what he had a right to expect.

These natural feelings of displeasure were heightened by the trifling deprivations caused by his stranded condition. He could not feel his usual superb and superior self coming down to dinner in a serge suit, his feet in heavy outdoor shoes. Then the poor surroundings, the very feeling of the noisy oak boards instead of a pile carpet under these same objectionable soles, offended him at every step. He was ashamed that Lady Aspasia should find such a "poky" place. It was by no means a fit habitation for the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine.

He had hurried down before the others, impelled by his restless spirit. The hall was empty. He took a bustling survey. How faded was the strip of Turkey carpet! God bless his soul, how worm-eaten were those square oak chests, presses and cupboards, and how clumsy—only fit for a cottage! And that portrait, just under the lamp—poor English, he supposed? A regular daub, anyhow; why, he could see the brush marks. He wondered Rosamond could have it up.

He opened a door on the right and peeped in. All was dark within. He was assailed by an odor of tobacco smoke, and sniffed with increasing discontent. This visit of Bethune's, now, which had prevented Rosamond from hurrying to his side, was there not something irregular, not to say . . . well, fishy about the situation? It was odd, now he came to think of it, that Rosamond should never have mentioned the identity of her guest in any of her numerous telegrams, in spite of his repeated questions. He himself, in the midst of his important social, he might almost say political, engagements (since a member of the Cabinet had been included in the recent house-party at Melbury Towers), had not had leisure to examine into it more closely hitherto. But now he flushed to the roots of the silvering hair, that still curled luxuriantly round his handsome head, as he recalled Lady Aspasia Melbury's loud laugh and meaning cry when Baby had performed the necessary introduction upon their recent arrival: "So *you're* the mysterious visitor!" . . . A mere Major of Guides! A fellow he had never really liked, after all!

Sir Arthur turned on his heel. In thought he was already rapidly ascending the stairs, on a voyage of discovery to Rosamond's room. Nerves or no nerves, there are matters that require immediate attention. It was intolerable to think that Lady Gerardine should be guilty of the unpardonable lapse of placing herself—however unwittingly, of course—in a false position. It never even dawned upon Sir Arthur—to do him justice—to suspect her of any deeper offense.

As he paused, inflating his chest on the breath of his wrath, some one, with a quick, clean tread, came running along an outer passage, and flung open the swing door that led into the hall—flung it back with the shove of a broad shoulder.

Sir Arthur turned again, and had a moment of amazement before his fluttered wits remembered the existence of his own particular secretary.

Muhammed Saif-u-din stood filling up the doorway. His red turban nearly touching the lintel, a crusty bottle in either hand, he was staring at Sir Arthur, to the full as intently as Sir Arthur stared at him.

"HERE IS LADY GERARDINE HERSELF," SAID MAJOR BETHUNE'S CALM VOICE

"Oh, it's you, is it?" then cried testily the mighty historian of the Northern Provinces. "What the deuce is the man doing with the wine," thought he, flaming inwardly, "when he ought to be busy on—on my book?" In his mind's eye Sir Arthur never beheld Muhammed but toiling with pen and ink upon the great work. "Well," he went on aloud, "I hope you've got a lot to show me!"

"Excuse, your Excellency," said Muhammed. He drew himself together with a little effort, stepped across to the open dining-room door, and laid down his burden. Sir Arthur followed him, hot on the scent of the new grievance. Upon his word, everybody was off his head. Muhammed's manner, his secretary's manner, was downright cool—cool.

"I don't think I engaged you for this sort of work, Muhammed," said he.

Muhammed, with the point of a corkscrew just applied to the first bottle, paused and looked reflectively at the speaker. Then the points of his upturned mustaches quivered. He laid down bottle and corkscrew and made a profound salaam.

"Excuse, Excellency," he said again. His fine bronzed countenance was subtly afire with some spirit of mocking irony. "There was a fear that your Excellency should be ill-served in this poor house!"

Well, well, this was laudable, of course! Yes, even the baboo felt that here was no fit entertainment for a Lieutenant-Governor. But nevertheless, intangibly, Sir Arthur found something disquieting in that smile, in the dark eye that fixed him. Vaguely a sense as of something mysterious and relentless came upon him. "You never know where to have them," he thought to himself.

In the pomp of his own palace, surrounded by scores of servitors of his own magnificence, he had not given a thought, hitherto, to the possibility of treachery from the Indian subject. There he felt himself too great a man to be touched; but here, in this desolate house on the downs! . . . A small, cold trickle ran down his spine. It was queer that the creature should have been so eager to come to England. . . . But the next instant the natural man asserted himself. Sir Arthur would certainly have been no coward even in actual danger; he was far too sure of himself to entertain idle fears.

"I shall see you to-morrow," he said imperiously, and left the room.

A whirlwind of silks upon the stairs heralded Aspasia. She caught her uncle by the arm and dragged him into the drawing-room.

"Pray, pray, my dear Aspasia; you are really too impetuous!" cried he, disengaging himself testily. The familiarity which in India had added a piquancy to his own sense of magnificence was here a want of tact. "The country has not improved your manners, my dear," he went on, taking up his place on the hearth-rug and sweeping the room with contemptuous gaze. "It's high time to get you out of this."

Miss Aspasia's ready lips had already patted upon a smart retort when the sound of Lady Aspasia's voice, uplifted from without, prevented the imminent skirmish. Her ladyship was evidently addressing Doctor Châtelard, for those strident tones were conveying, in highly British accents, words of what she supposed to be French:

"*Drôle petit trou, pensez-vous pas?*"

"Ah, but extremely interesting," responded the *globe-trotteur*, in his precise English. He always obstinately answered in English Lady Aspasia's less perfect but equally obstinate French.

The two entered together, she towering over him as might a frigate over a sloop.

Lady Aspasia Melbury was a handsome woman of the "horsy" type. A favorite, even in royal circles, her praise ran in men's mouths expressively as "a real good sort." A woman kind to others, with the ease afforded her by splendid health, unlimited means and an assured position. Modern to the very last minute, frank beyond the point of offense, she might be cited as one of those rare beings to whom life is almost an absolute success; the more safely, perhaps, because most of her ideals (if ideals they could be called) were of the most practical description. Yet life had failed Lady Aspasia upon one point—she had had one unsatisfied desire. Her youth had held one brief romance, interrupted by a *mariage de raison*; and when her millionaire had left her free, she had looked, with the confidence of her nature, to the instant renewal of the broken idyl. But here it was that Fate had played its single scurvy trick upon the woman.

Arthur Gerardine, the once handsome, penniless lad, the now still handsome, distinguished man, who had remained bachelor all these years (she had fondly hoped for her sake), had married—a year after her own widowhood—married, not the ready Lady Aspasia, but a poor, unknown widow out in India. Lady Aspasia's solitary unrealized ideal, then, was Sir Arthur Gerardine. In what strange nests will not some ideals perch! And unattainable it seemed likely to remain.

As she now stood, her large, bold eyes roaming quizzically around the faded room—which seemed to hold her ultra-modern presence with amazement, to echo her loud laugh with a kind of protest, like a stately, simple dame of olden times raising mittened hands of rebuke—no one would have guessed that she was inwardly eaten with impatience to behold her rival, to know at last the creature who had supplanted her.

"It is, indeed, a poor little place," said Sir Arthur, bustling forward to advance a chair. "I had no idea it was such a tumbledown old house. We must get rid of it as soon as possible."

"Ah, but pardon!" interposed Doctor Châtelard. "It is old, if you will, Sir Gerardine, but thereby it is rich. Nowhere else have I so felt the unpurchasable riches of past time. I am charmed to have come here. After your gorgeous Melbury the piquancy of this antique abode of gentility is to me delicious."

"Ah, well," said Sir Arthur magnificently, "I don't say it has not got a sort of picturesqueness, and all that, but it's not what we are accustomed to in England, you know. Comfort, Châtelard, the land of comfort, we say. You don't know what it is in your country. But in the good old days—people did not understand it either, here, you see. Look at that chair, now. As hard as nails, eh, Lady Aspasia? I dare say a collector or somebody might like it. What do you say—Chippendale, eh? Elizabethan? Well, it's all the same thing. It's not my sort, anyhow. I shall sell it all, bag and baggage."

"Sell the Old Ancient House!" interrupted the younger Aspasia hotly. The aggravation her uncle had ever the talent of awakening in her was now in full force. "I think you'll find there will have to be two words to that, dear Runkle. Aunt Rosamond's devoted to it."

Sir Arthur inflated his chest.

"My dear Raspasia!" . . .

There was concentrated acrimony in his accents. The elder lady scented storm, and storm was not the atmosphere she liked.

(Continued on Page 31)

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When Clubs are Trumps

ROMANTIC writers and those of the Richard Harding Davis type must still be trembling from the solar plexus blow recently delivered by a prominent New York clubman who declared that a bachelor could live at any one of several leading Fifth Avenue clubs with less expense than at a hotel of the better class. Since the time when the memories of Monsieur and Madame Grundy run not to the contrary so-called clubmen have been wearing halos—at least in the feminine fancy—such as only wealth and immaculate exclusiveness are supposed to command.

But "at least six members of the Metropolitan Club are spending no more than $1000 a year, which includes, in each case, an apartment and bath and breakfast, dinner and the very best of service," says this recognized authority. When it is remembered that the club in question is a favored rendezvous of multi-millionaires, and is considered as one of the smartest and most exclusive social organizations in the country, this statement savors of iconoclasm to a marked degree.

Had it been known some years ago that the clubable Van Bibber was perhaps worrying along on twenty dollars a week, a great many romantic young women might not have rejected so scornfully the advances of otherwise eligible bachelors who unfortunately must have forgotten that clubs were trumps.

Too High a Price for Life

THERE is no reason to doubt that, by following any one of a dozen of the current recipes for long life, one could keep himself on earth a hundred years or a hundred and fifty. But in each and every recipe there is this flaw—it would take such an interminable deal of bother to follow it. One would have to go about the world thermometer and food-scales in hand, wholly centred in one's self, with no time for wife or children or friends. As for fun, that would be out of the question.

There isn't anything, not even life, for which one could not pay more than it was worth. And the scientifically correct regimen would mean not a century or a century and a half of life, but a dreary waste of centuries—long years of death in life.

Until some more attractive plan for centenarianism is found the most of us will prefer to take the chances and think at least part of the time of something else besides microbes.

What the Election Really Meant

APPARENTLY the whole male population of the country is trying to assist the President-elect by interpreting to him the "mandate of the majority"—the meaning of the huge difference between his big vote and Mr. Parker's little vote. It was a high-tariff mandate; it was a low-tariff mandate. It was an indorsement of the big stick; it was the choice of the less of two evils. It was orders to "bust the trusts"; it was orders to have the business of the country undisturbed. And so on, and on, and on.

The "mandate" meant everything; it meant nothing. To attempt to sift out these interpretations would be an impossible task, and useless. Mr. Roosevelt will probably not waste his time upon them. If he is wise he will read in this latest mandate of the people what has been the profound meaning of every mandate from any moral source since the beginning:

Be honest.

Try to be just.

The First Step Toward Distinction

WHETHER or no competition is keener than it used to be, the problem of success remains the same. To be successful you must do something to distinguish yourself from the crowd. This does not mean something "sensational." The sensational is the easy way to attract attention; it may or may not be successful, certainly will not be unless back of the shrieking and drum-beating there is a small merit. The street-corner fakir can draw his crowd by eating fire, can make his rush sales and jump the town; but not the man with a career to carve.

Perhaps the first step toward distinction is to be yourself. Make your inward identity as distinct to the minds of your fellowmen as your outward identity is to their eyes. It is an almost invariable rule that the greater the man the more natural he is—and also that the less the man the more completely he is blinded into the conventional pattern of petty vanities, pretenses and poses.

Brains Better than Money

THERE are two classes that put an exaggerated valuation upon money—those who have plenty of it and those who haven't. But of the two the absurdest offenders against the common-sense view are those who have the money. How the exaggeration persists, and even grows, is one of the mysteries of human nature.

Of the men of property in this country, a few of those rich by inheritance excepted, how many are there who could not immediately grow rich again—if they lost everything they have? And of those who possess large property, how many would long keep it were it not that they have on guard over it men of brains and character?

Yet to hear men talk one would think that when a man has put money into an enterprise he has done that which entitles him to overwhelming preponderance of consideration. This in face of the patent fact that, while enterprises innumerable have succeeded without money, not one has ever succeeded without brains.

It is absurd enough to rank money above brains. To estimate brains in terms of money is like selling racehorses by weight or paintings by measure.

Professional Trouble-Breeders

MANY Southern politicians are showing a disposition to try to revive the race question in its full fury of twenty years ago. That is a traitorous work, and will fail as it deserves to fail. The last election showed pretty clearly—see the Maryland and Missouri returns—that the race question as a means of keeping worthless and wicked political parasites in office has about run its course in the South, just as robbery in the name of protection has about run its course in the North.

The race question, bad though it may be, is certainly in a better state than it was fifty years ago. For then the South was morally, and it was in the way to be industrially, prostrate under the curse of slavery—and slavery is the most acute and dangerous phase of a race question.

Time and human sympathy will solve the race question; the politicians cannot help. And it is a happy augury that the Southern people are realizing the fact.

Cheerfulness and Disease

LET us be cheerful, but not cheerful idiots. Stevenson, as his cult are never tired of reminding us, made happiness a religion. Carlyle, as an older cult still remembers, made a trumpet blast of his assertion of the heroic might of the spirit. What is the odds, they say in effect to suffering humanity, if you have an ache or a pain? These are brave words, but it will generally be noted that those who utter them have never known what it is to be really ill. They talk of health with red cheeks, and of happiness out of bodies tingling with nervous force.

All this, as Benedick would say, is no cure for the toothache. It is not a sign of spiritual cowardice to remember that the malady against which Stevenson battled was consumption—the disease of all others which is most noted for bringing an optimistic mood. It is the common report of physicians that you can't convince many consumptives that there is any such thing as death. And is there not something dyspeptic in the very rumblings of Carlyle's heroic preachments? It is one thing to blare the trumpet of hero-worship, and another to restrain the dyspeptic temper at the breakfast-table. It may even be questioned whether Omar Khayyám would have held the same esteem for wine if its particular poison had turned him inside out, as it does some folks.

A brave and cheerful mind is a good thing, and can be cultivated. But so are food and sleep. Above all, hard work and adequate rest are good. Nevertheless, an ache is an ache, and a pain a pain. A party of ailing country folk were discussing these things, some time since, and each of them told the other in consolation that the other's disease was, in comparison to his own, a blessing in disguise, and cheerfully offered to swap. At last the local philosopher, who stood by, delivered his verdict. "This is a discontented world," he said. "Nobody ain't ever satisfied with the disease he's got."

What the People Want

IS IT envy that causes so much talk nowadays about inequality of condition?

We think not. We think that the rich are as much disquieted and dissatisfied by the growth and power of the huge accumulations of wealth as are the well-to-do and the poor. We think that, with the overwhelming mass of Americans of all conditions, the amount of money they have over and above what is necessary to comfort is of far less importance than the realities of life—love and affection, self-respect and the respect of others.

No, it is not envy of silly extravagance and useless luxury. It is the feeling that the diversion of so much of the nation's prosperity into the hands of a few is establishing injustice, is discouraging manly and womanly independence, is narrowing the gateways of opportunity. The American people do not want the unjust measure of prosperity which a few of them have got. They want the democratic Republic for themselves and their children and their children's children.

Corruption by Intangible Means

IN A LARGE American city a board has been putting into effect through private corporations a vast scheme of public works. As the project was certain to develop enormous opportunities for, and alluring temptations to, corruption, the members of the board were chosen for demonstrated integrity and business capacity. And now it appears that the board has fallen completely under the influence of the private corporations and considers the public interests reluctantly and only under compulsion.

Why? Not because the commissioners are corrupt, but because they are human. They hear the interests of the people presented only occasionally and then not with very impressive clearness and force, but the clever and skilled lawyers of the corporations are before them at every session, creating about their faculties of judgment an atmosphere of corporation interest that is as subtle and transparent as the atmosphere itself. And the commissioners take to it with unconscious, but none the less effective, kindliness because they are themselves, by years of training, in the habit of looking at matters from the point of view of private rather than of public interests.

For one man corrupted by tangible things there are a thousand corrupted by these insidious insinuations of prejudice. That is why no man is above the necessity for the sharpest scrutiny of his acts.

The Voice of the Peacock

THE American woman, according to an observer who lately returned from an extensive tour in Europe, is one of the best in the world to look at: "but I never knew how bad they were to listen to till I came back. I really think it must be worse than when I left, and if there are any statistics on the subject I should be willing to bet on it."

All observing Americans who have lived among Europeans have noted this national trait; so that, bad as the voices of our women are, there is hope that they are not getting worse so fast. In point of fact, they are probably growing better. In all the great cities—San Francisco, Chicago, New York and Boston—women of cultivation have acquired, or are born to, the sort of voice King Lear praised in Cordelia:

> ever soft,
> Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman—

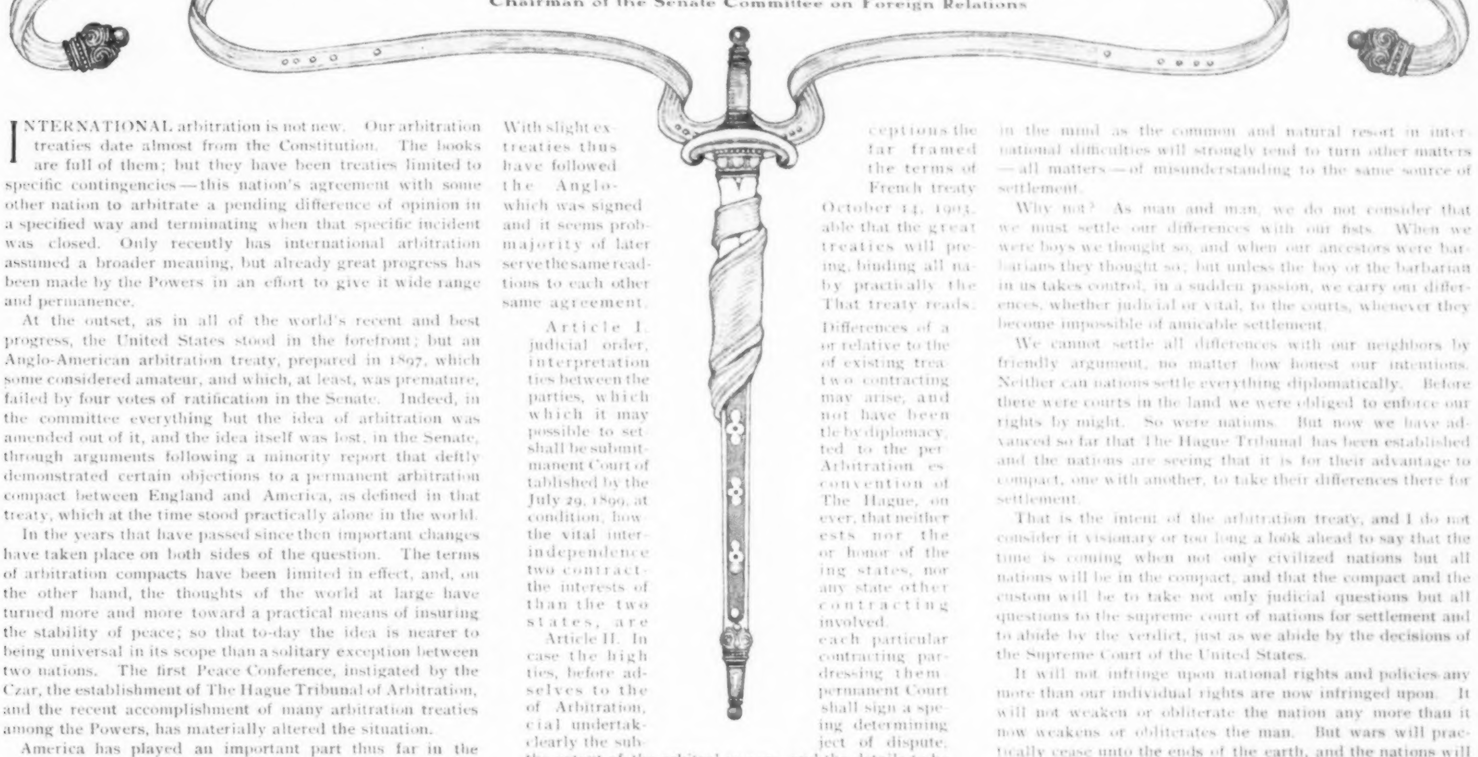
and in smaller centres the case is probably the same.

In the mass, however, American voices still leave much to be desired. The matter is a serious one, for, even more than a seemly countenance and beautiful clothes, a voice "soft, gentle and low" is an index of a rich nature thoroughly cultivated. The modiste and the milliner make fine birds, and a little policy may succeed in controlling the features; but the voice is the organ of the heart. Petulance, hatred, envy color it—or discolor it—in a moment. That most potent factor in bad manners, overwrought nerves, raise the voice to the highest pitch of shrill and exasperating discord.

International Arbitration

By Senator Shelby M. Cullom

Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations



INTERNATIONAL arbitration is not new. Our arbitration treaties date almost from the Constitution. The books are full of them; but they have been treaties limited to specific contingencies — this nation's agreement with some other nation to arbitrate a pending difference of opinion in a specified way and terminating when that specific incident was closed. Only recently has international arbitration assumed a broader meaning, but already great progress has been made by the Powers in an effort to give it wide range and permanence.

At the outset, as in all of the world's recent and best progress, the United States stood in the forefront; but an Anglo-American arbitration treaty, prepared in 1897, which some considered amateur, and which, at least, was premature, failed by four votes of ratification in the Senate. Indeed, in the committee everything but the idea of arbitration was amended out of it, and the idea itself was lost, in the Senate, through arguments following a minority report that deftly demonstrated certain objections to a permanent arbitration compact between England and America, as defined in that treaty, which at the time stood practically alone in the world.

In the years that have passed since then important changes have taken place on both sides of the question. The terms of arbitration compacts have been limited in effect, and, on the other hand, the thoughts of the world at large have turned more and more toward a practical means of insuring the stability of peace; so that to-day the idea is nearer to being universal in its scope than a solitary exception between two nations. The first Peace Conference, instigated by the Czar, the establishment of The Hague Tribunal of Arbitration, and the recent accomplishment of many arbitration treaties among the Powers, has materially altered the situation.

America has played an important part thus far in the advancement of the spirit of arbitration. It was practically due to this country, under the instigation of President Roosevelt, that The Hague Tribunal was kept alive. It was ignored and forgotten when the President sent to it the Pius Claims, followed, through his motion, by the claims of Germany, France and England against Venezuela, since which time it has steadily advanced in public attention till almost as a matter of course it has received the Anglo-Russian controversy. Only the temporary setback caused by the rejection of the first treaty has left us for the moment behind in the matter of international arbitration conventions, which in the mean time has gained great popularity. Even that incident may not have been void of influence in instigating the present form of treaty and the concerted action upon it. There are sixteen such treaties already ratified between the nations, in only one of which is the United States identified; but during the present session of Congress a number of such treaties, which have already been signed and are in the hands of the State Department, will be presented to the Senate for ratification, with others undoubtedly in prospect.

A Perpetual Alternative for War

THIS being the case, it is natural that many questions are asked by the public concerning the scope and intent of arbitration treaties and the arguments for and against them which I shall endeavor, very briefly, to explain.

The fundamental idea of an arbitration treaty, as seen through American eyes, is the assurance of permanent peace. A stability of friendly relations can only be positively effected by a treaty which shall pledge the two contracting nations to a perpetual alternative for war, whenever difficulties arise, as they necessarily will, especially where there is territorial contact or maritime intercourse. Any kind of an arbitration treaty, however restricted in effect, would have a tendency to delay serious action till public irritation had been given time to calm down, so that the idea at least possesses a desirable quality.

There are two classes of difficulties always liable to occur between nations as between individuals: those of a purely judicial character, and those affecting honor and vital interests. The Anglo-American treaty which failed of ratification in 1897 provided methods for dealing with each of these contingencies: the former by independent judges or an umpire; the latter by a joint commission. The Venezuelan question would have come under one head, the Alaskan boundary under the other.

The new form of arbitration treaty, which has gained such a footing, attempts to deal only with judicial misunderstandings, explicitly exempting the other class from its scope. With slight exceptions the treaties thus far framed have followed the terms of the Anglo-French treaty which was signed October 14, 1903, and it seems probable that the great majority of later treaties will preserve the same reading, binding all nations to each other by practically the same agreement. That treaty reads:

Article I. Differences of a judicial order, or relative to the interpretation of existing treaties between the two contracting parties, which may arise, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be submitted to the permanent Court of Arbitration established by the convention of July 29, 1899, at The Hague, on condition, however, that neither the vital interests nor the independence or honor of the two contracting states, nor the interests of any state other than the two contracting states, are involved.

Article II. In each particular case the high contracting parties, before addressing themselves to the permanent Court of Arbitration, shall sign a special undertaking determining clearly the subject of dispute, the extent of the arbitral powers, and the details to be observed in the constitution of the arbitral tribunal and the procedure.

Article III. The present arrangement is concluded for a duration of five years from the date of signature.

It is not certain — hardly even possible — that all of the objections which prevailed against the Anglo-American treaty will have any force as applied to those treaties which will be presented this winter, so much has been changed, not only in the form of the treaty but in contingent conditions. It was then urged that in order to be at peace with our fellowmen we needed no treaty — needed only to keep peace with our own consciences; which is theoretically true, but in the elasticity of social ethics is hardly a sufficient guaranty between nations. It was also claimed that there was danger to the United States, distinctly a peace nation, and a corresponding benefit to a more warlike nation in such a mutual bond; that the limited number of leaders controlling a European Power were not looking for peace as a means to honest fellowship but as a security against disturbance in the execution of their individual plans and aggrandizement, while we had no such plans to protect; that it would relieve Great Britain, for example, from keeping a fleet in American waters, giving her the full value of her navy in other quarters, with no corresponding relief or benefit to America; that it would tie our hands, restrict our influence, and reduce us to a state of practical subserviency.

Now, however, with only judicial questions carried perforce to The Hague Tribunal, and with all of the Powers inter-bound by the same form of treaty, the most effective arguments against the former compact become favorable, and regardless of how any individual Power might be glad to utilize it in an isolated case, a universal arbitration compact must prove the greatest advocate of perpetual world-peace which it is possible to conceive.

Where Weakness is a Source of Strength

IT IS true that the treaty as it stands is weak in not being broadly operative; that "vital interest" and "national honor" are elastic, pliable and plastic terms. Many would have had it made stronger — even as strong as the original treaty. But I conceive that the universal quality will render its weakness a source of strength. "Vital interest and national honor" will not be left to one nation, weak or strong, to interpret as it wills, for the same term being in every other treaty, every other nation will have a jealous eye that no dangerous precedent be allowed lest itself should some time suffer from the same license; while the fact — the idea — of even limited compulsory arbitration being ever present in the mind as the common and natural resort in international difficulties will strongly tend to turn other matters — all matters — of misunderstanding to the same source of settlement.

Why not? As man and man, we do not consider that we must settle our differences with our fists. When we were boys we thought so, and when our ancestors were barbarians they thought so; but unless the boy or the barbarian in us takes control, in a sudden passion, we carry our differences, whether judicial or vital, to the courts, whenever they become impossible of amicable settlement.

We cannot settle all differences with our neighbors by friendly argument, no matter how honest our intentions. Neither can nations settle everything diplomatically. Before there were courts in the land we were obliged to enforce our rights by might. So were nations. But now we have advanced so far that The Hague Tribunal has been established and the nations are seeing that it is for their advantage to compact, one with another, to take their differences there for settlement.

That is the intent of the arbitration treaty, and I do not consider it visionary or too long a look ahead to say that the time is coming when not only civilized nations but all nations will be in the compact, and that the compact and the custom will be to take not only judicial questions but all questions to the supreme court of nations for settlement and to abide by the verdict, just as we abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It will not infringe upon national rights and policies any more than our individual rights are now infringed upon. It will not weaken or obliterate the nation any more than it now weakens or obliterates the man. But wars will practically cease unto the ends of the earth, and the nations will remember the advent of the arbitration treaty as the final blow to the relic of barbarism bequeathed by our ancestors and the relegation of hell to oblivion.

Magnetic Mr. Burr

AS A VERY small child, Rebecca Harding Davis was brought, indirectly, into touch with Aaron Burr through a little, withered old woman who taught the children of the village their A B C's.

The queer, homely body was like a smothered fire, full of ideas foreign to the humdrum little town, or her poor dame's school.

"She had been," says Mrs. Davis, "the only child of one of the foremost men of the country, and when she was a girl of sixteen was made the head of his house in Philadelphia, and had for her daily guests Washington and Franklin and the lesser political leaders. Her father was one of Burr's most relentless opponents. He went to Richmond, with all the rest of the world, to the trial of the arch traitor, taking his daughter with him. They were quartered at the hotel.

"When Burr was released, before the trial began, he called upon all the leading ladies of the town, among the rest upon the daughter of his chief enemy. Every morning thereafter he sent her a basket of choice roses. She had been taught to loathe and despise Burr and Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot alike, as brother traitors. But the roses and the man himself soon changed her.

"'When the trial opened,' she told me, 'the best people of the country were in that old house. Burr's adherents were ranged on one side of the courtroom, his enemies on the other. My dear, every woman there sat on Burr's side!'

"'And you ——?'

"Her brilliant eyes blazed under their white lashes. 'I was on the foremost row! My father saw me and came down from his place and led me back to the hotel. He was white with anger. He locked me in my room and kept me there while the trial lasted. Fathers did such things in those days. I could do nothing for my new friend but pray for him, and I did it for days with cries and tears. How I hated the traitors who gave evidence against him — the friends he had trusted! For I believed Aaron Burr to be an innocent man and a great hero.' She lowered her voice and glanced around cautiously. 'And, my child, there are times when I believe it still!'

"Which was treason," adds Mrs. Davis, in telling the story to her friends, "for pretty Kitty had married the man whose testimony had almost sent Burr to the gallows."

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

ANTHONY HOPE IN DOUBLE HARNESS — The chronicler of Zenda writes a matter-of-fact novel on the marriage question.

¶ The whole duty of the modern novelist is to take one or more of the essential motives of his world and write a story about them. That is the conventional thing to say of fiction, and, as is so often the case, the conventional thing is here only a truth in need of exposition. Not to engage in the ancient and unnecessary battle between romance and realism, that novelist who can select a significantly characteristic phase of the life of his time and make it live through real people on the printed page for real people in the world of fact is the novelist most secure of place and title. Yet the world is not large, and it grows smaller every day. At best, it has but three sides—the business, the political and the social. The first of these is only just beginning to be realized by writers of fiction; the third is the oldest in the field. Undoubtedly the most characteristic phase of our modern social life is the divorce problem. Of it Henry James gave us the strongest presentation in What Maisie Knew. Within the present season, however, there is Judge Grant's new book, and now comes Anthony Hope's Double Harness *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*.

With Mr. Hawkins, as much as with Rossetti, "life is always at a climax"; but here, a decade away from Zenda, the climax is one of souls, not swords. In brief, and notwithstanding the clever conversation, this story is in Anthony Hope's second manner, with a hint from Trollope in the easy style; with a large number of characters, mostly admirably distinguished, and with a point of view which, whether it suits or shocks one's own ethics, is, one must grant in spite of a somewhat long-drawn-out conclusion, at least strongly presented.

Mr. Hawkins' *dramatis personæ* make up a group of the most unhappily-mated people to be found within any single volume of fiction. There is poor Tom Courtland, who goes wrong until at last the ungovernable temper of his wife kills her. There is John Fanshaw who, unsuspecting, sends his wife to borrow money of a former lover, that good-natured, hard-headed soul, Frank Caylesham. For contrast, to be sure, there is a pair of young lovers, but their really happy story is only sad in view of the working out of similar stories among their elders. In fact, the Raymores are about the only comfortable married people in the book, and they have a son who is an embezzler.

But it is with Mr. and Mrs. Grantley Imason that Mr. Hawkins attempts to prove his case. Here the wife's romantic ideals are disappointed by a husband who is a trifle self-centred but thoroughly good fellow, and she attempts to elope with the sentimental Blake. That, at the last, she is enabled to reconstruct what she has shattered is due most of all to the fact that Grantley learns to give his wife something more than love.

Something more than love—therein lies the lesson of the book. The successful marriage, in Mr. Hope's opinion, is one "with open eyes." Husband and wife must each be more than

"A mere indifferent, covenanted thing."

"Ecstasies," as the wise Caylesham observes—according to the gospel of St. Thomas the Doubter—"ecstasies aren't for this world, you know—not permanent ecstasies. You might as well have permanent hysterics! And, as you're aware, there are no marriages in Heaven. So, perhaps, there's no Heaven in marriages either." Indeed, it is this cynic whom Mr. Hawkins has chosen for his herald. Perfection, he declares, is not enough: "I may have two horses, and you may have two horses, and each of my horses may be better than either of your horses; but when we come to driving them you may have the better pair. Two good 'uns don't always make a good pair. . . . They've got to match—both their paces and their ways. They've got to go kindly together, ... don't you know? Each of 'em may be as good as you like single, but they may make—by Jove, yes!—the devil of a bad pair! It's double harness we're talking about."

That is Anthony Hope's word on the marriage question, and the result is an excellent example of just how much a thing of the past is that view of life which found its most intense expression in the novels of Charlotte Brontë. Here is no "obsession of reckless faith in the worth of love"; no "audacious belief in its power to bring happiness or something better." Instead, here is a sounder, saner declaration for common sacrifice rather than selfish joy, for the men and women who are swayed by emotion rather than the emotion by which men and women are swayed.

And as Mr. Hawkins has left the old outlook, so he has approached a new form. In most of his recent work he has been feeling his way toward an individual conception of realism, and here, though the story is lacking in robustness and the qualities that ever make for a vivid picture, he has yet come one step nearer to finding it. Of old, he was in love with fancy, but here he is enamored of the actual. And while he still retains the love of life in its larger contours—that vision of the moving type rather than the less quickly effective individual—which distinguished the post-Romanticists of the early Victorian era, yet, when he comes to deal with a temperament in the throes of a great emotion, he combines therewith something of that fine feeling for the characteristic note of his age, that delicate eye for detail, that microscopic discernment and that valuation of the passing hour which characterizes the contemporary realist. —*R. W. K.*

THE LAW OF THE LAND—An interpretation and a defense of Southern opinion on the negro question.

¶ The argument against the problem novel is that the author in supporting his thesis almost invariably comes to give it more weight than the development of the story. Of course, if that was his deliberate intention from the first the argument does not hold; but in that case the result is not to be criticised as a work of art but as an effort of the advocate. This magazine does not think its literary columns the place to argue the merits of Mr. Emerson Hough's contention as set forth in his latest novel, The Law of the Land *(The Robbs-Merrill Company)*, but they deserve a summary.

Mr. Hough's theorem is stated at its briefest where Eddring, his hero, requisitions the service of a United States mail steamer, because, as he tells the captain, "The real commander of this boat, Captain Wilson, is the supreme law of this land—that law under which the gentlemen of the South are bound at any time and all times to give courtesy and comfort to a woman when she needs them." The corollary is spoken elsewhere by Colonel Blount, the old planter, when he declares, "It's in my nature to feel that a woman is a thing to be took care of, forever and forever—that oughtn't to work, that oughtn't to worry, that just ought to *be*." The Colonel did not live up to this declaration. When the women folk of his household left him, and there was no one to do the work of the house, everything went to rack and ruin. When they came back again he let Mme. Delchasse cook and Miss Lady keep house with no misgivings about work. He was very glad to be "took care of." There is, too, an old saw of how

Man's work's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done,

which does not seem to recognize Colonel Blount's interpretation of the law. Nor has it ever been the sense of the world at large that it is good for any human being, white or black, male or female, not to work, not to worry, just to be took care of, just to *be*.

However, whether Eddring and Blount are right or wrong, here is how they reason: "This house," declaims Eddring, "is no better than the women in it, nor is any home, nor is any nation. . . . . When the women go the nation goes." Now the women must be "took care of," and that task falls fitly to the strong. "Only in the ages," says Father Messasebe, growling at the levees, "only in the ages do the weak come to be the strong. Wherefore must the strong prevail, each in his own day. It is the Law." This is not the law of courtesy and comfort; it is the primal, basic law of Nature. Nor is it the law of the courts. The declaration of the courts guarantees every man "a chance"—"that is the law and all the law." . . . The law does not declare the hare and tiger equal, but "that if it be possible for the hare to approach its neighbor in ways desirable it

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be given its *chance* to do so. If the black man can grow like to the white man in all human attainments, if he can grow and succeed, then let him have the *chance* to do so." Meanwhile ignorance must impose no artificial equality. This is a white man's country.

As to education and "uplifting the race," "That's all right," says Calvin Blount to a Northern investigator; "I'll pay my share of that. But we've got to wait until your millennium comes. It's no use saying it has come when it hasn't. It's going to take a long time before you get the real useful educating done. . . . . If you can elevate my niggers so that they'll work, why, go ahead and do it. . . . Learn 'em geometry, learn 'em to write poetry, send 'em to Europe to learn painting, but please put somewhere in your college a department showing how to dig up stumps and chop sassafras roots." Pending this period of advanced enlightenment one has to resort to somewhat more primitive methods of instruction. "Niggers stole and killed all the cattle of my neighbor's, down in there, and we hung two or three niggers last month for stealing cows. We put a sign on them, 'You stole a cow, cow killed you.' You've got to make things sort of plain, you know, to these people, so's they can understand 'em." Above all, interference by Northern sympathizers is deprecated. "As for us folks from the North," one of these gentlemen is made to say, after an examination into "conditions in this district," "we are a lot of ignorant meddlers; and as for me, I'm going home."

There is a chapter given to the grotesque effects of the doctrine of equality when interpreted by gross ignorance to unprepared hearers. "My ol' daddy done tol' me twenty-five yeah ago dat dey wus onct a white man from up Norf come all over dis country, fifty yeah ago, an' he preached it ter de niggers befo' de wah dat one day de time gwine come. We wus ter raise up all over de South an' kill all de white folks, an' den all de white women ——

"We wus ter kill all de white men," at length resumed the same voice. "De white men f'om de Norf wus ter ride intoe de towns den, an' rob all de banks and divide all de money wid we-all, an' dey wus to open de sto's and give ebery nigger all de goods he want wifout paying nuthin' fer 'em; *and den nigger ain't gwine to wu'k no more.*" This oration incites the negroes to an attack on the big house, repulsed by Blount and other white men, but succeeded by a long period of stealthy levee-cutting, house-burning, cattle-killing, assault and disorder. The whites catch a band of these fiends at work and make summary and savage reprisal. The situation in the Delta, where Blount's plantations lie, has been steadily getting worse and daily gaining wider notoriety. Upon this culmination the leaders decide to surrender themselves to the courts for trial, in the hope of defining their standing before the law of the land. They are acquitted on the grounds that where no adequate machinery of the law existed these men had followed its true promptings as striving to give all that is best in the civilization they had founded a *chance* to survive.

. . . . . .

There is a good deal of strength in the argument and a good deal of skill in the story, but the book suffers from a lop-sided development. It does so many things and so many of them well, that in a general exuberance there is missed a harmonizing and directing purpose. There is a tendency of the intrigue to clog the development of character, and of the passages of lyric writing to overlay the story, and of the exposition of the argument to trip the feet of all the other three. If it had been possible to drive these plunging horses of talent with the reins of one sure purpose the journey's end might still have been the same, but it would have been a much better ordered, more impressive progress. T. S. H.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: Their title to** the contrary notwithstanding, the letters which go to the making of Roma Beata *(Little, Brown & Co.)* are not all written from Rome. The author, Mrs. Elliott — or Maude Howe, as she still calls herself on her title-pages — has, to be sure, embodied herein much of her correspondence with her sister while John Elliott, the artist, and his wife were living in Rome, between 1894 and 1900. But many of the epistles came from various other parts of Italy, and one is even dated from a famous Bavarian spa. The tone of all is set by a pleasant personality, and some touches are not without humor. American grapes in a vineyard at Viareggio, about to become Chianti; an Americanized Italian farmer with a Bowery accent in the Abruzzi Mountains; Rome at the death of Pius IX, and again at the assassination of Humbert: street-cries and street-scenes — all of these one gets through the medium of wide-open, observing eyes and ears in the head of a clever woman who has had more than ordinary opportunities of seeing and hearing what it was worth while to see and hear.

¶ **Another volume** in *Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Company's* English edition of Tolstoy's complete works has just been issued: The Plays. These are three in number: The Power of Darkness, The First Distiller, and Fruits of Culture. Tolstoy told his translators: "You may say that, speaking without any false modesty, I never, when writing them, anticipated the importance that has been attributed to them. The Power of Darkness I wrote for the People's Theatre, and the Fruits of Culture simply for my own children and their friends to act at home." To an inquiry about The First Distiller he only waved his hand in contemptuous answer. Both The Power of Darkness and Fruits of Culture have been given with marked success on the stage. Mr. Lawrence Irving lately wrote: "I suppose England is the only country in Europe where The Power of Darkness has not been enacted. It ought to be done. It is a stupendous tragedy; the effect on the stage is unparalleled." In no sense, then, are these plays closet dramas.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances under which his work has been circulated, the vagaries of the censor, the prejudices of publishers and the ignorance of translators, no modern author of Tolstoy's rank has suffered such mutilation in the press. It is the aim of the present translators, Mr. and Mrs. Louise and Aylmer Maude, to present an accurate, faithful and full edition under the personal supervision of the author. Tolstoy has thus expressed himself on the work so far done: "Your translations are very good, and I do not wish for better ones." There are ample critical, biographical and bibliographical notes. May it be suggested, however, that it would add to the reader's convenience were a list somewhere given of the volumes already issued in the present edition, and that, though it is of interest to read that "Répin's portrait of Tolstoy (see frontispiece) was painted in 1887," it is of no practical value when the frontispiece has been omitted by the binder?

¶ **Mary Mapes Dodge's volume** of pleasant verses, Along the Way, itself now out of print, is reissued, with the addition of many new poems and the alteration of some older ones, under the title of Poems and Verses *(The Century Company)*. The whole makes a companionable little volume of which the distinguishing characteristic is a tender human sympathy.

¶ **Mr. Henry Haynie** has had a wide experience in newspaper work. Both in this country and abroad he has met many men and women who made history. Some of these have said to him things that are worth remembering. Others have said to other people other things that were worth remembering, and the other people have told these to Mr. Haynie. All of this material Mr. Haynie has now gathered together in a volume not inaptly named The Captains and the Kings *(Frederick A. Stokes & Co.)*, and the result is an amusing collection of anecdotes in which one may meet Lincoln, Queen Victoria, Pio Nino, Don Carlos, Jerome Bonaparte, Boulanger, Gladstone, Chamberlain, Von Moltke and Bismarck almost upon terms of personal intimacy.

¶ **When Mathilde Blind's** George Eliot first appeared it was received as an authoritative critical biography. The twenty-odd years that have passed since then have done little to lessen the first estimate of the book, and it is pleasant to see it appear in a new edition *(Little, Brown & Co.)*. For this Frank Waldo and G. A. Tarkington have compiled what seems to be a complete bibliography and two chapters, by way of appendix, on George Eliot's home life, her friends and her methods of work.

¶ **The Expert Maid-Servant** *(Harper & Brothers)* — Ah, if it were only as easy to recognize her at first glance in the intelligence offices as on the title-page of Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's little book! However, Mrs. Herrick has some sensible directions as to how to engage her, what to do with her when she comes, and if, after all, she shouldn't prove expert, how to make her so.

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BY LOYD A. THOMAS

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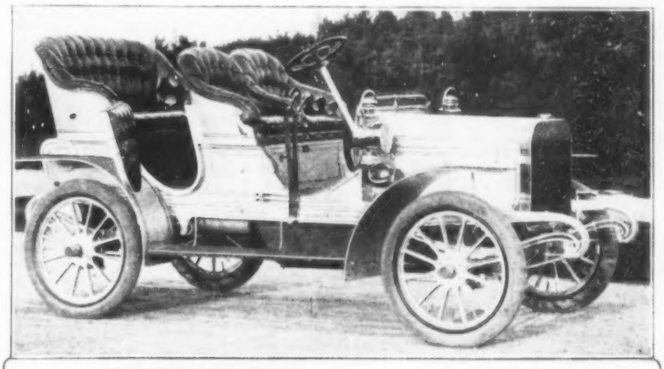

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Fox-Ranching in Alaska

The Trials and Rewards of a Little-Known Industry

BY FREDERICK W. COBB

SHARKS CAUGHT FOR FOX FEED

IT IS quite likely that most well-informed people have a fairly accurate idea of Alaska and its resources. They probably know something of the placer mines and their annual output, something of the quartz mills, of the copper deposits, and of the production of furs. They have heard about the shoals of salmon, halibut, herring and other fish that swarm in Alaskan waters, and have read of the immense tracts of timber, seams of coal, oil lands, possibilities of agriculture and of grazing. They know that Alaska is not an ice-floe and that its southeastern coast, warmed by the Japan current, enjoys a climate milder than that of New York City. These larger matters have so filled the minds of writers and travelers that the minor but interesting and growing industry of fox-raising has almost, if not wholly, escaped attention.

From the international boundary-line at Cape Chacon to the westward as far as the Aleutian Islands are scattered fox-ranches, the owners of which successfully direct their energies to the protection and maintenance of wild foxes, to the end that they may reap a golden harvest from the sale of the pelts. One of the most accessible of these ranches is situated in Clarence Strait, not far, as distances are reckoned in Alaska, from the Canadian boundary-line, 55° 30′ north latitude and 132° west longitude, five miles from Grindall post-office, and twenty-one knots from the thriving mining centre of Ketchikan.

This ranch—and it is typical—covers about 400 acres, and consists of two islands, the larger of which, known as Patterson Island, is over one mile in length. Here it has been my fortune to make occasional visits from the time of the beginning of the fox-ranch, and this fact, coupled with a close friendship with the resident manager and part owner, has enabled me to learn much about the fox industry, with its problems, discouragements and successes. I have, moreover, become so intimate with some of the more friendly foxes that I am able to distinguish one from another—a difficult task; whereas they, in turn, have come to know me and to answer to my call. Even as I write, one familiar fellow lies behind me in the doorway, curious, doubtless, as to my occupation.

How a Ranch Grows

This ranch was started five years ago by a disappointed gold-seeker who came North in the great rush of '98. He found a man who was willing to risk a small amount of money in fox-breeding. As the money was indeed limited, the prospective rancher worked like a Trojan building a cabin, clearing land and curing fish so that he might use as much of the capital as possible for the purchase of foxes.

In the fall he went to Prince William Sound and bought forty female and twenty-five male foxes. He did not then know as much as he does now about handling the animals, and in spite of his almost ceaseless care nearly half of his stock died on the sea voyage, which, owing to poor steamship service and two transfers, lasted over one month. Then more of the animals died during the process of acclimatization after they were turned loose on Patterson Island. The rancher, looking back on that dismal first year, now thinks that not more than half a dozen of his first lot lived. But at the time he did not realize how badly off he was, or he probably would have quit the business.

The next year, more money being forthcoming, he bought forty additional pairs, and this time he landed all but two or three safely on Patterson Island, and was gratified to see them thrive and reproduce in due time. To his first log-cabin he added a smoke-house for the curing of fish; a good-sized building for storing dried fish, nets, tackle, etc., and for a carpenter-shop; a fine log-cabin, and four feed-houses. Three years ago he hired a man to help in the work of the place, and this year he has added two more men to his force. The ranch is now productive, and has cost for stock, food, wages, lumber, boats, etc., nearly $20,000.

The rancher's only transport the first year was a dory. The second year he bought a five-ton schooner, and now he has in addition a large seaworthy gasoline launch. This year he is selling to one company $25,000 worth of live foxes to stock a large ranch, of which he will have the direction. He also has small orders ranging from ten to forty pairs, each at a uniform price of $125 per pair. It is quite likely that he will also kill a few of the maimed and poorly colored for their pelts. All this will make no appreciable loss to the number of foxes on the island so that it is no exaggeration to say that the Patterson Island ranch is a decided success.

There is no literature on the subject of fox-raising such as there is about horses or hens, and my friend had to grope his way. That he came through triumphant is due more to his close study of the foxes themselves than to his doggedness, though this latter quality is all that kept him in the business during the first year. He has learned enough about foxes to be certain that under conditions of his own choosing he can raise them successfully.

Barriers of Water

There are four essentials to fox-raising: foxes that will breed and whose skins are valuable, an island, food, and a suitable climate.

The most valuable fox pelts are the black and silver-gray, which are worth from a few dollars to $800, or even $1000 each, depending on the condition of the fur. Attempts have been made to cultivate these species, but they have failed, chiefly, it seems, because of the cannibalistic fondness of the old males for their young. The pelt of the common red fox brings too small a price to tempt the fox-rancher. In the blue fox, however, are found the necessary qualifications. He both protects his young and bears a pelt which brings a price ranging from a few dollars up to eighty dollars. This diversity in price is due to the color and condition of the fur, prime dark pelts bringing the largest prices. The blue fox varies in color from navy-blue to maltese. The stock now used on the ranches in Southeastern Alaska came originally from the Pribilof, or Seal, Islands, where the foxes feast in season on the carcasses of the slaughtered seal and during the rest of the year eke out an existence as best they may.

An island is necessary for fox-culture for the reason that a large body of encircling water is the only practicable barrier against escape. The nearest land should be at least one mile, and better two or three, distant. Of course, the water must never be frozen over, or the foxes will escape. The coast of Southeastern Alaska has hundreds of islands, varying in size from a hundred to several thousand acres, which have these requisites, and most of them are fit for little else.

Foxes will usually find enough to eat in any fish and game country, if free to roam over a large extent of country, but when confined in considerable numbers in a small area they must be fed. They eat nearly anything edible, though their natural food seems to be fish, seaweeds and berries, the first named being their chief staple. Their favorite fish is salmon, which they devour raw during the "run," and smoked or in oil, like huge sardines, at other times. In the spring and early summer the foxes enjoy a change of diet such as is afforded by halibut, dogfish, sharks, cod, bass and red snappers.

Then the climate must be such as to induce the growth of fine fur, which is popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be due to very cold winters. The winters in Southeastern Alaska are never very cold, but though there is

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seldom zero weather, the temperature is low the year round, and there is almost continuous rain—a cold rain, even in summer, that makes fur-bearing animals put on a heavy coat for their protection. The mink, marten and bear of this section are finely furred.

Moreover, the lack of bright sunlight makes the fur darker. It is said that the best sable comes from forests of Siberia where the sunlight never enters. The Patterson Island foxes are thought to be darker than those living farther to the westward, where it is clearer and colder.

Blue foxes breed annually during the latter part of February and the first days of March. Litters vary from one or two to eleven in number, with a probable average of five or six. Observations of twenty-five families indicate that, from birth to the age of six months, there is a loss of about twenty per cent. As a rule, the male is monogamous, but occasionally two females are taken and placed in adjoining homes. This relation continues until the young ones are able to shift for themselves, and sometimes even holds over for another season.

A Fox's Home is His Castle

Each family has its own domain, where strangers of their kind are seldom allowed, on penalty of a fight, undertaken impartially by either male or female. When the intruder is put to rout, as always occurs, the chase usually stops at a boundary that seems to be known to both parties. If a fox is obliged to cross his neighbor's territory for food or for other reasons he commonly does so in a gingerly manner, suggesting his apologies, and thus escaping molestation. When the puppies become three or four months old their parents find them separate homes, which, as strength and individuality come, they are likely to desert for localities more to their fancy.

Foxes are night-prowlers. They sleep mostly from mid-forenoon to mid-afternoon, when a blue pelt is seldom seen. The remainder of the twenty-four hours is spent in getting food and in lookout duty.

As the very young puppies do not visit the feed-houses, where there is likely to be some strenuous fighting, the parents are obliged to bring them their food, which entails considerable traveling, especially in cases of large families or where the home is at a great distance from the feeding-place. The old ones are very attentive in this respect. They invariably provide for their offspring before satisfying their own appetites, giving up even the choicest morsels. I have seen one whom we call "Old Billy" fill his mouth with uncooked venison and walk away toward his home, uttering the little call for his young, with the water literally running in streams from his jaws. He gravely laid the meat down for his swarming brood and, licking his chops, hurried back for more. When not asleep or gathering food the old foxes are perched on some high point of vantage, such as a stump or rock, alert to the coming of an enemy, while their young roll or fight puppy fights in perfect security.

The fox's cry of alarm is a fearful screech to come from such a pretty creature. At the first note the little ones dart to their hiding-places without waiting for further information. The run to cover is made in a flash. You watch one scamper into a hole and then divert your gaze to see the others go, and lo! all have disappeared.

I have passed many absorbing hours in studying their various calls and cries. A very low call similar to the softened "cluck" of a hen attracts the young to newly-brought food. A louder and harsher cry summons from a distance. Their bark is very much like that of a black-and-tan dog. Their vocabulary seems fairly extensive, and I think I have distinguished sixteen different sounds which are intelligible to them.

Recently I heard for the first time the call for help. A female had been trying in vain to drive away a large male intruder. Worsted in combat, she retreated to the summit of a rock and howled in a peculiarly plaintive strain. Her lord and master was busy just then digging a hole for one of his offspring nearly 300 yards away, but his answer was a quick descent upon the scene of trouble. Clambering over the intervening rough rocks, he bore down upon the trespasser with a fury that could not be resisted, and at once it became a running fight, the sounds of which ceased only because at last too distant for my ears to follow.

"The fox was rightly named, for he certainly is very foxy," declares the chief attendant at the Patterson ranch, who says that he has been studying foxes for three years and that he still finds them practicing new tricks. He vouches for the story of the fox, the old crow and the fat clam.

The fox was nosing along the shore in search of crabs and clams. He succeeded in upheaving a large, fat clam, but could not eat it because of the thick shell. Just then an old crow flew by and perched on a dead limb, whence he scrutinized the fox and his find. The fox also looked cunningly at the crow. Evidently each had designs on the other. The crow wanted the clam, but the fox also wanted it—with the shell broken. Soon the fox walked aimlessly away. The crow's opportunity had come, and with a swoop he descended upon the big clam and clutched it eagerly. He had a method of his own, as the fox knew, of opening clams. Rising in the air to a sufficient height, he released the clam, which fell to the rocky beach with a crash that broke its shell. The crow then descended to earth in a wide circle to feast on the clam, but he was much too late, for the sly fox now had the clam with the broken shell and was trotting away to a safe place where he could eat it in peace.

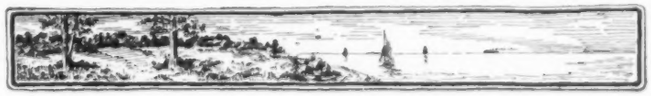
The cabins used as feed-houses serve a double purpose: to protect the food from crows, ravens and eagles, and as traps in which to catch the foxes. These houses are provided with a door, a trapdoor, and benches along the inside. When the rancher wishes to catch a batch he sets the trapdoor at night, having provided food inside, and in the morning he often finds forty or fifty of the little fellows lined up on the benches. The rancher steps inside, and this scene of peace is changed to a snarling, snapping, screeching chaos. Reckless, indeed, would be the man who would reach his hand into that mass of fear-crazed animals, whose teeth are sharp as needle-points.

The rancher, however, knows his business, and produces a pair of wooden tongs by means of which he deftly seizes a fox by the neck. If the fox is to be kept alive he is passed outside to an attendant, who puts him into a box arranged to allow cleanliness and air, where, with three others, the captive will try to live until his new destination is reached. When a captured fox is to be killed he is struck over the snout with a club.

The Dreams of the Beginner

A fox-rancher newly starting in the business is likely to have roseate dreams. He takes pencil and paper and proceeds to figure a little. "Suppose," he says, "that I buy fifty pairs of foxes. Each pair will produce five or six young ones annually. To be safe, let's call it four, that is, two pairs. Now we will see how we will come out in, say, six years." He then practices mathematics for an hour or two, and, after finding the right method, gets a most astonishing result. He figures that he will own at the end of six years 72,900 foxes. Allowing thirty dollars per pelt as a fair price, he finds that he will be worth $2,187,000! And all this is to come from a small investment of $15,000.

Making proper allowances, these figures are theoretically correct. But they differ greatly from actuality at the present stage of fox culture. If the rancher has 7000 instead of 70,000 foxes at the end of six years he has done wonderfully well. Here is where the personal equation comes in. Some men fail utterly. Others only make a living, and others still make a fortune. The successful fox-rancher is always a zoologist. However this may be, there are now in Alaska between thirty-five and forty fox-farms. Of these not one-half are yet productive. Some started with a stock of only two pairs, and such small beginnings require many years to produce profitable results. This year a number of new ranches are being established. Besides the large company, already mentioned, which is putting 200 pairs on the Brothers Islands, Frederick Sound, several smaller outfits are venturing on a scale that should prove lucrative after four or five years. Thus some of the otherwise useless islands off the southeastern Alaskan coast, and eventually probably very many of them, will produce a harvest of a sort that will add both to the world's wealth and the world's beauty.



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The Reading Table

The New Year Brother

I

I swar' off in de New Year, en I made it mighty plain;
But — we had a heap er weather — sich a drippin' er de rain!
En I got de rheumatism, en de rattlin' er de brain,
En I feelin' mighty lonesome in de mawnin'!

II

I hear de scritch-owl holler in de middle er de night,
En de ole Ha'nt say: "You fixin' fer yo' hallelujia flight:
You *fixin'* — oh, you *fixin'*, since de New Year come in sight."
En I feelin' mighty lonesome in de mawnin'!

III

En de big Sun, *he* come, smilin', en he tell me: "Howdy-do!
Don't you see me how I winkin' *ez* I drinkin' up de dew?
En de hives dat drip wid honey — ain't de brown bees at it, too?"
Oh, I feelin' mighty lonesome in de mawnin'!

IV

Den I takes my dram contented — fer de *easin'* er my *pain:*
It's all de fault, believers, er de rattlin' er de brain,
En de witch-spell er de weather, en de mis'ry er de rain,
En I feelin' mighty happy in de mawnin'!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

L'Orage

And her eyes! In repose they had the dead,
Cold, creamy softness of the Orient jade-stone,
Green without glitter. But when from thought her head
She raised, forth from some hidden depth there shone
A kindly look that made her wondrous sweet.
Her eyes would glow with all the softer rainbow colors blent,
Till int'rest in a chosen topic chanced to meet
The gentler mood. Then they became intent
And gave forth steadier, firmer look,
While slightly parted lips and flushing cheek
In aiding eyes their part next undertook.
Then came the storm. What lover yet could say
What brewed a storm? Perhaps a contradiction,
Some stray word, some term misunderstood, nay,
To her the merest trifle brought conviction.
And *then* her eyes! No eyes that ever wept
Could in them hold the quick, volcanic tires
That outward rushed and madly swept
Into fierce lightnings like unto the ire
Of outraged Fury. All colors seemed to mingle there
And meet and separate until they face itself obscured
From firm-set chin to line of close-grown hair,
And when the inward strain could no more be endured
The tears would quickly flow and almost scald
The swollen lids that held them; then heaving breast
Betrayed the tale of heart back of eyes enthralled;
And then returned the jade stone green — the sign of peace.

—*James S. Metcalfe.*

An Expensive Muse

BLISS CARMAN once called at the office of a country editor up the State with a poem which he thought would be of interest to the readers of the local paper. After exchanging greetings, he said:

"You don't object to an old contributor dropping into poetry, do you?"

"Not at all," replied the moulder of public opinion, pushing the waste-basket toward the poet; "drop ahead, and go as far as you like."

Mr. Carman was nonplused, but the editor added still further to his embarrassment by saying earnestly:

"Oh, I was only joking; but if you really want to see your stuff in print I will run it at regular advertising rates, at top of column, next to pure reading matter."

How He Shelled Them

THE following incident in the life of George Stephenson, the perfector of locomotives, gives a pleasant insight into the character of the great "pitman." It happened after he had become a railroad magnate.

Stephenson was entertaining a number of friends from London at his Newcastle home. While they were at dinner, a burly collier came to the hall door and demanded to see "Wour Geordy." The butler told him that Mr. Stephenson was engaged with some friends and could not be disturbed.

"What, wour Geordy not see me? Just thou gang and tell him that Tom Rrrobson wants te see him; he'll coom; I knaw he wull."

As the collier had pushed his way into the hall and refused to leave until he had seen "Geordy," and even threatened to "go and find him," the butler, somewhat impressed, told him to take a seat and he would call Mr. Stephenson.

The servant then informed the host that a large man had pushed his way into the hall and would not go until he had seen "wour Geordy." With a smile, Stephenson apologized to his guests, saying that he never denied himself to his old friends, the miners.

As soon as Tom Rrrobson saw "Geordy" he shouted: "That's right, Geordy, my lad, I knawed thou'd coom; thou"—pointing to the butler—"tellt me thou wouldn't. Why, man, I heard ye had freens te dinner, an' I thot ye'd like a few nice fresh hazelnuts, so I just went and gethered some, an' here they are in ma hankercher." Saying which the speaker held up a large blue cotton cloth, tied at the corners.

"It is very kind of you, Tom, to think of me," said Stephenson; "but I see they are all cracked. Gentlemen like to crack their ain nuts, Tom."

"Ay, man, Geordy! I wish I had knawn that, for they nuts hey garred ma jaws te wark this day."

The collier had cracked the nuts with his teeth and brought the kernels; but the exhibition of the handkerchief, and the recital of how the nuts had been prepared for them, was sufficient excuse to Mr. Stephenson's guests for the brief interruption.

Bubbles of Wisdom

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated machines.

A man is known by the chauffeur he keeps.

A fool and his auto are soon parted.

In a multitude of counselors there is trouble.

The auto makes the mare go.

A little bubble is a dangerous thing.

The auto makes the world go 'round.

An automobile is the route of all evil.

Auto goggles alter faces.

Many hands make the old thing work.

A toot to the guys is sufficient.

A good road is rather to be chosen than great ditches.

The automobile is the mother of detention.

An automobile, now and then,
Is purchased by the wisest men.

Amnesty is the best policy.

Only a fool never changes his machine.

No man is a hero to his chauffeur.

All that a man hath will he give for an automobile.

Autos are stubborn things.

Oh, chauffeur, chauffeur, what crimes are committed in thy name!

An automobile by any other name would smell as sweet.

The automobile levels all cranks.

Never trouble bubbles till bubbles trouble you.

Automobiles corrupt good manners.

He whose auto runs away
May live to ride another day.

There's no fool like an auto fool.

The safest way 'round is the shortest way home.

Prove all machines. Hold good that which is fast.

Chauffeurs never hear any good of themselves.

People who live in nice houses shouldn't throw stones.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

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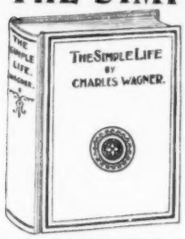

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Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 13)

"I declare, Arty," she said, "you made me jump. I thought those stern tones were directed to me. There are two Aspasias here—Docteur Châtelard! Come here, namesake, and let's have a look at you."

Aspasia fell on her knees beside the imposing tailor-made figure, and raised her pretty, pert face—pinker than usual, with a variety of emotions—for inspection. M. Châtelard put up his eyeglass to look down benevolently upon her. The English miss had yet scarcely come under his microscope; but he quite saw that she would be a fascinating study. He now thought the contrast between the two Aspasias somewhat cruel. "*Fraîche comme une rose, la petite . . . . . ronde comme une caille, mutine comme la fauvette—mais l'autre—oh lala, quelle carcasse!*"

"I don't know what *you* think of your godparents," Miss Aspasia was remarking, with the gusto of a well-established grievance, "but I know what I think ought to be done to mine for giving me such an idiotic name."

"And you won't ever be able to change it, either, that's the worst of it," cried Lady Aspasia. "Thank your stars, anyhow, it can't brand you all your life, as it does me, like an ugly handle to a fine jug—aha! By the way, Arty, you'll have to do something to help this poor child to change the Cuningham, anyhow. She won't do it down here."

"I don't want to change that at all," cried Baby. Her quick ear had caught the sound of Bethune's tread on the threshold.

In her young pride she unconsciously flung an angry glance upon the newcomer for appearing at just the wrong moment—a glance which Lady Aspasia caught and from which she immediately drew conclusions.

These conclusions tallied to a nicety with some others that Lady Aspasia, not without a certain satisfaction, had been forming of late regarding the Gerardine *ménage*.

Lady Gerardine had shown an unmistakable disinclination to join her husband after a long absence; she had suddenly ceased corresponding with him except by telegram; and in these telegrams the name of the visitor whose presence was offered as excuse had been unaccountably omitted.

"Poor child," cried the woman of fashion, with her crow of laughter and the brutal outspokenness of her circle; "she's about tired of playing chaperon here! Never mind, my dear, your time will come by and by. '*Nous avons changé tout cela*,' as M. Châtelard would say; and a jolly good thing, too. We are only proper in our teens, and after that we can have a high old time till we are eighty."

"I think, Lady Melbury," said M. Châtelard suavely, "that I should prefer to watch the high young time."

But, as he spoke, his eye was on Sir Arthur; and from thence it went with eager curiosity to Bethune. He was rubbing mental hands of glee. What stroke of superlative fortune had landed him in the very middle, in the great act, he felt sure, of that drama the beginning of which he had noted with such interest in far-off India? The poor, good, trusting Sir Gerardine, who had ordered his wife to fall in with her lover's scheme with such touching—such imbecile—confidence! Ah, but he was beginning to suspect; he *had* winced even now at the words of yonder impossible female. And that other? Why, it was clear that the Major had encompassed his design so far—but up to what point? That relentless, impenetrable mask was as hard to decipher as ever. "It is a nature of granite," thought the Frenchman as he watched Bethune's deliberate movements about the room. "Successful or still plotting, the advent of the husband at this moment—what a situation! And yet, behold the lover; immovable, implacable! It will be tragic!"

"She's tired of acting chaperon," Sir Arthur let the words pass because they were spoken by Lady Aspasia. But they had pierced right through his armor of self-satisfaction and self-security.

"What can your aunt be about, my dear Aspasia?" cried he impatiently. "I think I must really go up and bring her down, if you will just direct me to her room."

"Oh, I'll run up," cried Baby anxiously.

"Here is Lady Gerardine herself," said Major Bethune's calm voice. He stepped to the door and opened it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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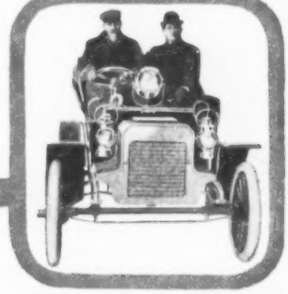

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I have two valuable booklets—Prospectus and "Net Results," of great interest to young men and women anxious to earn from $25 to $100 weekly, and to business men wanting more profits. For free copies merely address me, **GEORGE H. POWELL, 1423 Temple Court, New York.**

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Cured horses are absolute certainties as to the remedy's possibility in your own case. Such results, as shown in our booklet, by business men whose reliability can be readily ascertained, have carried it over prejudice and uncertainty. Send for booklet and copy of written guarantee, which is as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it.

Positively and Permanently Cures Bone and Bog Spavin, Ringbone except low Ringbone, Curb, Thoroughpin, Splint, Capped Hock, Shoe Boil, Wind Puff, broken down, weak, sprained, injured and ruptured tendons and all lameness.

"Save-the-Horse" cures without scar, blemish or loss of hair. Horse can be cured at work. We advise frankly as to possibility of remedy in any specific case. Give explicit particulars. State age, location of swellings, lameness, and the way horse holds and carries leg.

$5.00 per bottle with written guarantee at all druggists and dealers, or express prepaid.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Mfrs., Binghamton, N. Y. Formerly of Troy, N. Y.

He's a Lightning Calculator

HE HANDLES FIGURES WITH MARVELOUS EASE AND RAPIDITY

Not a Calculating Prodigy, but Has Acquired His Faculty for Figures Through a New System Which Anyone Can Master

Mr. George St. Hammer, with the wholesale firm of Louis Bourneuf & Co., 213 Oxford Street, Lynn, Mass., is a young business man who can teach professional lightning calculators a great many things

they have never known about handling figures. He adds, subtracts, divides and multiplies any problem almost instantly. He can multiply 3211 and 4231 or any similar problem without writing any partial product; he simply writes the answers. He adds with marvelous speed and accuracy, and it is seldom that in making an extension on a bill he requires paper and pencil. He usually writes the product in its proper column without any apparent effort.

Mr. St. Hammer attributes his success and his present position of trust and responsibility largely to his ability to handle figures rapidly and accurately, which he acquired through a systematic study of short cuts in figures under a new system. He expresses the opinion that anyone can master it as he has done. In a recent communication he said: "I am using your system of rapid calculation throughout all my work, and find it so far ahead of previous known methods that the result is astonishing, and yet the processes are so simple that a schoolboy can learn them with a little effort. Indeed, if anyone could realize the accuracy and time-saving merits of this invaluable method, he would no longer plod away in the old slow manner, but would grasp the opportunity to lift himself to a higher rank of mental workers. I feel indebted to your institution for the knowledge imparted to me, and shall be glad to recommend your course at any time."

If you are interested in the subject of calculation; if you want to handle figures quickly, accurately and easily, send for the free book, entitled "Rapid Calculation." It tells about a course of study that has astonished mathematicians and has revolutionized old processes of calculating. The system is entirely new, but it has been adapted perfectly to the needs of business men. It may be mastered at your own home without loss of time.

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Deposit any amount whenever you like and get interest for every day the money is here.

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5% Interest

Agents Wanted to sell our unbreakable glass lamp chimneys; throw on the floor and won't break. An unequalled opportunity to make considerable money. Full particulars mailed to any address. **L. G. JENKS & CO., Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Land Sharks

(Concluded from Page 7)

temptation in the way of the broker who is selling property for a non-resident owner. A Chicago man was agent for a woman living in Connecticut who owned four lots fronting on a railroad track. Unless the land was wanted by the railroad company its value seemed nominal. One day a letter from another broker reached his office, asking that a price be promptly put on the land. The first broker wrote for instructions from his client. She answered that she would like to get $4000 for the four lots. When her letter arrived the broker's stenographer happened to be out of the office, and, in his haste, he sat down and wrote to the inquirer, quoting the figures stated. Incidentally it should be stated that, as a penman, he belongs to the school of Horace Greeley.

Two days later he got an answer. It read as follows: "Your price is too high and my client absolutely declines to pay it. However, as they want the property for a special purpose, they are willing to pay $15,000 for the four lots. Hoping that you will accept this figure," etc.

Profit by Hand

The broker read this letter a second time and then gasped for breath. In one sentence his price of $4000 had been refused! In the next a sum nearly four times as great was offered! That afternoon he called casually at the office of the man who had made the offer, and, in the course of the negotiations, got a chance to look at the letter he had written, quoting $4000 as the selling price. Then, in a moment, the secret was clear, and he had occasion, for the first time, to credit his bad handwriting with a big profit. He had written, "She will sell the four lots for $4000 cash," but the writing was so obscure and misleading that it had been read: "She will sell the four lots for $4000 each." The contract was made at once and money paid down to bind it. Two weeks later the woman in Connecticut was overjoyed to receive a remittance of $15,000, less the broker's commission. She would have been completely satisfied—even pleased—with a draft for $4000.

The most prevalent form of graft in the real-estate business is the payment of commissions to superintendents, engineers and other employees on purchases of coal, oil, glass, furniture polish and other supplies necessary to the maintenance of large buildings. An important real-estate firm in one of the largest cities of the country had had in its employ for a number of years a general superintendent. Purchases of all supplies for the more than forty large buildings controlled by the firm were made under the supervision of this man. Finally proof was furnished the head of the firm that its superintendent was taking commissions from coal dealers. He was instantly discharged.

"Well," he said as he walked out of the office he had occupied so long, "I'm satisfied, if you are. I was about ready to retire, anyhow."

During the two years which have since elapsed that discharged superintendent has done no work and has made no apparent effort to find any. It is estimated that for six or eight years he received, in addition to his salary, a commission to the average amount of ten per cent. on purchases of supplies aggregating in the neighborhood of $100,000 annually.

The remedies for grafting among employees in the real-estate business are, first, the force of a thoroughly honest example on the part of principals, and, second, the installation of such checks and personal supervision as shall make grafting dangerous, if not impossible. It would help, too, if grafting employees, when the necessary proof exists, were prosecuted criminally, instead of being simply discharged, as is now almost always the case, real-estate firms, in common with other business men, seeming to feel that to make such a case public would seriously reflect on their standing and ability as business men.

As for the grafting real-estate brokers and agents themselves, they, as has been said, should be dealt with by the great organizations of honest and reputable men in the same line of business—the real-estate boards of the various cities. If these boards would relentlessly prosecute the swindlers and grafters found in their ranks they would do more than any one else can do to raise the standard and reputation of their guild.

Enlightened self-interest must some day force the taking of such action.

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If you would know how to defend yourself, unarmed, against every form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing—if you would possess that physical strength and power of endurance which characterizes the Japanese soldier—you must learn Jiu-Jitsu.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every tissue and strengthens every organ of the human body. It makes men "strong as steel," and women the physical equal of men of their own age and weight. As a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. The Science of Jiu-Jitsu includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

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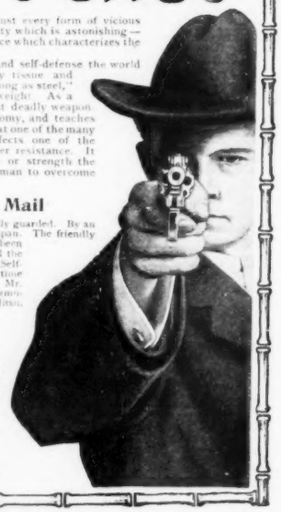
An intensely interesting book which explains the principles of Jiu-Jitsu has just been written by Mr. Yabe. As long as the edition lasts this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full-page half-tone engravings, and shows one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you desire to know more about the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science, you should write to-day for this free book and specimen lesson. They will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Address



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At least one of the two subscriptions must be a new subscriber. The book must be requested when the order is sent.

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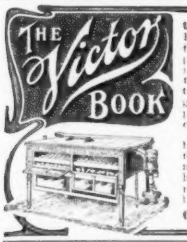


tells how to make money— How to raise young chicks for early spring markets when prices are high. How to make a profit on ducks. How to feed for heavy fowls. How to make hens lay. Why not get an adequate return from poultry? Why not try modern methods this year?
Why not learn about incubators and brooders from a firm who have been in business since 1867 and who know how to make satisfactory machines? Write us for the book to-day. It is **free.**
Geo. Ertel Co., Quincy, Ill.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab).

There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Send for this
Print your own cards, circulars, &c. Press **$5.** Small newspaper press **$18.** Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Typesetting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c. **THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.**

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*
FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

The Speculations of John Steele

(Continued from Page 11)

of each director. Steele, assuming a negligent, unconcerned air that was admirably put on, wondered what particular battery Nicholson would unmask. The latter's eyes were bent on his writing-pad, and he tried one nib after another as if to find a pen to his satisfaction. The chairman, in a droning voice, recited the history of the company up to its going before the public, read documents, and gave various figures which it might be supposed were familiar to all there assembled. There was silence around the table. Nicholson never looked up until the chairman announced the amount of public subscription.

"What's that, Mr. Farewell?" he said quietly, raising his head. "What are the figures?"

Farewell repeated them.

"And how much do you say is the authorized capital of the company?"

Farewell named the sum.

"Then we are a million short?"

"Nearly so, Mr. Nicholson."

Nicholson's face became set and stern. Slowly he turned toward Metcalfe on his right hand, whose eyes shifted uneasily from one to another without ever resting on John Steele.

"I understood, sir," said Nicholson very slowly, as if weighing his words, "that all the money was in the bank?"

"I told you, sir," replied the hesitating Metcalfe, "that there was in the bank all the capital we thought necessary."

"Necessary?" echoed Nicholson, in cold, even tones. "We make a demand upon the public. We state that the value of our property is so much. The public responds by offering us a million less. Necessary? I have never yet had anything to do with a company whose capital was not oversubscribed. I have never yet sanctioned the sending out of letters of allotment unaccompanied by letters of regret."

John Steele had difficulty in keeping the smile from his lips. The tones of righteous indignation were not in the least overdone. The expression of virtuous disapproval, at being tricked, on the splendidly chiseled, clear-cut face was marvelous in its reserve, in its hint of unlimited power behind. Jack felt, rather than saw, the uneasiness of the two colleagues by his side, who realized, without exactly understanding why, that things were going desperately wrong, as an engineer who discovers an open bridge ahead of him, and finds that the brakes will not act.

"Admirably acted," said Jack Steele to himself. "We pay good money to go to the theatre, and yet there is such histrionic talent as this in the business world!"

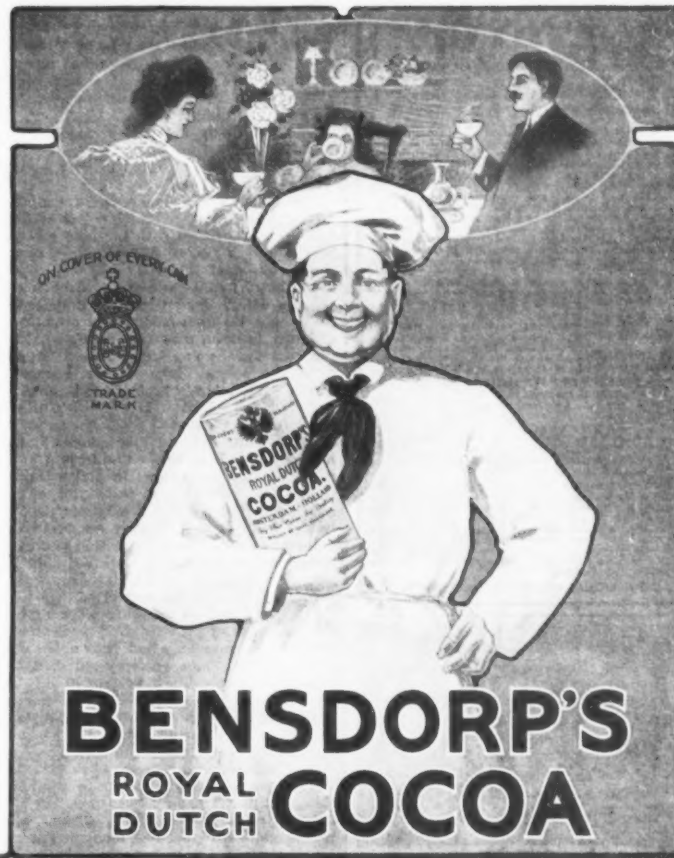
Then aloud, in a voice mildly protesting, he said:

"Nevertheless, Mr. Nicholson, the million shares left on our hands are quite marketable. We have ample capital to go on with, and Mr. Metcalfe will assure you that the factories themselves are all on a paying basis. You cannot surely mean that, having arrived at this stage, we are not to proceed to allotment?"

"That is exactly what I *do* mean," replied Nicholson, speaking as mildly as his opponent had done. "My colleagues would never consent to have any connection with a company formed in the circumstances now before us. Our duty to the public——"

"Mr. Nicholson, I quite appreciate your position, and that of your colleagues, Mr. Peter Berrington and the rest. The public would indeed be shocked to learn that Peter, one of our religious pillars, could be guilty of anything in the least oblique. As cleanliness is next to godliness, we are all aware that Amalgamated Soap stands close to the pearly gates, and the only thing we fear about Peter is that when he gets to Heaven he will find another saint of the same name there before him, which may lead to confusion of identity. I take it for granted, Mr. Nicholson, that you are about to make a motion requiring all this money to be returned to the subscribers. If you will put that motion I shall be very happy to second it."

An electric silence fell on the group: the kind of silence which on a hot summer's night precedes a clap of thunder. Nicholson drew a long breath and squared his shoulders. Metcalfe gazed in fascinated dismay at Jack Steele. Even the Farewells showed traces of human interest. Nicholson did not put his motion. After a few moments of this embarrassing stillness he said gently:



Its absolute Purity and Healthfulness combined with its Double Strength commend it to every family. The Cocoa with the Yellow Wrapper, THAT'S BENSDORP'S.

ALL GROCERS

100 Lovely Flowers For 10 Cts.
I have collected 100 varieties of wonderful flowers, their beauty being beyond description, and will send a few seeds of all these kinds for testing this summer to any person enclosing **10c** to pay postage and packing. They are simply marvels of beauty, many new to us all, and this offer is made only to advertise my flowers. My **great seed catalogue** for 1905 will be sent with every lot of seeds. It is full of *bargains.* $4000 "*Lesson on Vegetables*" is what is creating wonderful interest with the ladies. It is something entirely new; no other catalogue has it, and you will be delighted with it. Send to-day.
F. B. MILLS, Box 99, Rose Hill, N. Y.

YOU CAN SUCCEED

in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,
"Poultry for Profit"
Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens,** and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for **10 cents.**
THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

100% HATCH GUARANTEED
30 DAYS' TRIAL To prove it.
50 Egg $4.50 $5.00 100 Egg $8.50 $9.50 200 Egg $13.75 $15.00
Self regulating; Automatic moisture. Brooders, all sizes and kinds, $3.00 up. 50,000 in use. Catalogue FREE.
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Read **Lung and Muscle Culture,** the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of
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64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. Correct and incorrect breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of **10 cents.**
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100 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS SENT FOR 4 CTS.
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$30 Church Money

No Investment No Risk Send no Money

If you wish to raise money quickly and easily for any church purpose send us the photographs of your church and your pastor and we will reproduce them, together, in carbon photography on 200 satin finished, aluminum pin trays and send them to you express prepaid. Everybody wants this exquisite souvenir of church and pastor and your members quickly sell them at 25 cents each. You keep $30 for your profit and send us $20 in full payment for the 200 souvenirs.

Send photographs (any size) and names today. **Send no money.** Your workers will sell all the souvenirs in ten days as hundreds of others have and you can send us our money any time within a month. Write and learn success of others.

FREE SAMPLE TRAY ON REQUEST

NEW METHOD CO., - 5520 SO. PARK AVE., - CHICAGO, ILL.

$50 FOR YOU

If You Can Think of a Clever Advertising Rhyme for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste

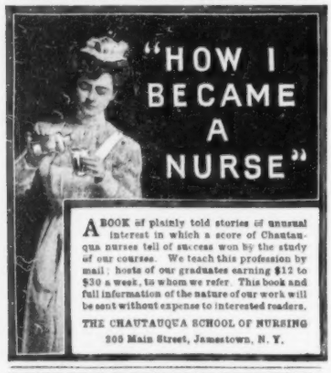
This is the chance for money-making for people who can hit on simple, easily-remembered little jingles—it is the last of our successful series of Prize Rhyme Contests, one more set of verses being needed to complete our big advertising campaign. The best rhyme containing not more than eight lines submitted before February 15, 1905, will win $50 cash; the second, $25; the third, $10; the next three, $5 each; the next fifty, $2 each, making 56 prizes in all. Fifty dollars is a big sum to give for a rhyme, but we want to make it an object for everyone to compete, as we never can tell where a valuable advertising idea is coming from. Nearly all who have won big prizes from us in the past have had little or no experience in verse-making—they just happened to hit on a catchy jingle.

HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE is a most cleansing, refreshing dentifrice, carefully and scientifically prepared and is prescribed by dentists generally. It is smooth and soft and white and you'll be surprised to find how easy it is to think of little rhymes about its good qualities after you've used it. This little burlesque by H. L. Palmer, 1526 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, won fourth prize in a previous contest:

"Mary had a little pie,
It's juice was black as coal,
And every time she took a bite
She left an awful hole.
And when she saw her teeth so black,
With all her might and main,
She brushed with Hy-Jen Tooth Paste
And they shone white again."

Each verse must be accompanied by the front of the green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste comes in, to show that you have used it. No rhyme will be even considered without the box front. You may submit as many different verses as you like provided you send a separate box front for each one. Ask your druggist for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste today—if he shouldn't have it send us his name and 25c. and we will send you a package, postpaid. Address **Advertising Department.**

HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO., 33 Dearborn Ave., Chicago



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THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
205 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

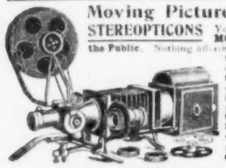
SNEAK THIEVES FOILED SET OUR LOCK

No more **Windows** opened by **Thieves**. You can raise or open your window to any desired height for air, with perfect safety. We defy anyone to open a window from the outside after our lock is set. **$1.00 per dozen.** Send for sample lock, **15 cts.**

Holland Safety Lock Company Dept. Y **P.O. Box 1862, Boston, Mass.**

AGENTS WANTED — In ordering state width of channel lower window runs in. Patent Pending.

Moving Picture Machines STEREOPTICONS



You can make **BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.** Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalog** and special offer fully explains everything, **sent free.**

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225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

TROUSERS TO ORDER 3.50

Dress well for little money. Prices $3.50 to $6. Send for samples.

McKeon & Smith, Dept. P, **362 & 364 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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300 Foreign Stamps, **10c.** 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album **10c.** 40 different U. S. **10c.** 200 var. **25c.** 500 var. **$1.25.** 1000 var. **$4.75.** 32 page list **free.** Agents wanted. 50% commission. **L. Crowell Stamp Co., 814 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.**

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Specially tanned selected Hides—any size—any color. Satisfaction or money returned. $1.50 postpaid.

Alum Tan Co., Box 2414 Southwark Station, Philadelphia

"Perhaps Mr. John Steele has something else to propose?"

"No, I have not," said Jack; "but with the chairman's permission, there being no motion before the house, I should like to make you a personal explanation which may save future trouble."

The chairman nodded permission, and Nicholson said:

"We shall be interested to hear anything you say, Mr. Steele."

"To return the money is, of course, to wreck the company. Hitherto this company has been associated with the names of John Steele and William Metcalfe. To-morrow the sensation of the daily journals all over the country will be the collapse of the big scheme which those two men undertook to float. Mr. William Metcalfe is unknown in Chicago, is but a stool-pigeon well paid for the part he has enacted, and he disappears from the scene. John Steele stands the brunt. What funds he has are in an Amalgamated Soap bank. His affairs are in the hands of Amalgamated Soap lawyers. One legal difficulty after another comes up; there is a long fight over the remains, and at last Amalgamated Soap steps in and sweeps up the débris. They are in possession of valuable property scattered throughout the West in the beet-sugar line; they announce their possession, and the reconstruction of the company, and everything is beautiful; but John Steele is mangled in the collision, with no insurance, even for his relatives.

"When I learned the other week that Mr. Nicholson was interested in this company I felt like the man who had gone down into a cave, and was unexpectedly clutched by a huge bear at the black bottom of it. That man did not stop to question the intentions of the bear: he simply got out. I followed the example. In the wheat deal Mr. Nicholson knows of I made several millions, and ever since then certain capitalists in this city have begged me if I fell in with a similar good thing not to hug it all to myself, but allow them to come in on the ground floor, and I promised to do so. The moment I learned Mr. Nicholson was to have something to do with the beet-sugar project I went directly to these capitalists, pledged them to secrecy, guaranteed that Amalgamated Soap was head and shoulders in this deal, and that no less a person than Mr. Nicholson himself would have charge of the company. Gentlemen, they bit instantly. I sold out my share to them for the money it had cost me, and fifty per cent. additional; and, furthermore, I got the cash. Now I shall read you a letter which will appear in the Chicago newspapers to-morrow morning:

To the Editor:

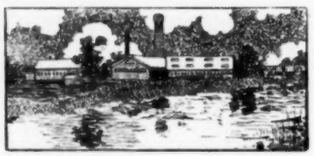
Sir: The Consolidated Beet Sugar Company, with which my name has hitherto been associated, and which has been so splendidly supported by Western capital, as indicated by the subscriptions now in the bank, will hereafter be in charge of the eminent financiers associated with Amalgamated Soap. I am pleased to state that this will be almost entirely a Chicago enterprise, and that some of the best men in this city have bought out my interests therein. I have only to add that Mr. Nicholson himself is now a member of the board of directors, and nothing further need be said to assure all concerned of the immense prosperity which awaits this company, and the far-reaching advantages it will offer both to agriculture and manufacture in the West.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN STEELE.

"And now, gentlemen," concluded Jack Steele, as he folded up the copy of his letter and placed it in his inside pocket, "nothing remains for me to do but to resign my seat on the board, as I am no longer interested in the least in this company. But before handing in my formal resignation I shall be pleased to second any motion Mr. Nicholson cares to propose."

"Mr. Chairman," said Nicholson, quite unruffled, "I move we now proceed to allotment."

"I have pleasure in seconding the motion," said John Steele, rising, bowing to the company, and leaving the room.



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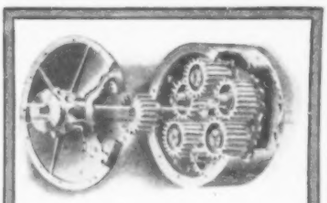

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